

MAC

# CRIME

## DOES NOT PAY

SEPT. 1969 50c

BOSS OF ALL BOSSES

# VITO GENOVESE

IN ITALY

# WHO'S ELLIOT NESS?

—CAPONE NEVER  
HEARD OF HIM!

THEY STUFFED HIM  
INTO A  
FURNACE

FEATURING

BUGSY SIEGEL

HARRY K. THAW,  
MURDERER

ABE HUMMEL





# THIS DIAMOND IS NOT A DIAMOND!

Imagine paying under \$100 for a perfect one-carat diamond ring . . . under \$100 for fabulous one-carat diamond earrings . . . under \$60 for a full carat diamond tie-tack!

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DIAGEM CO., 306 Hempstead Ave., Malverne, N.Y. 11555, Dept. CWP-9

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Diaexams simply cannot be told from real diamonds by visual inspection alone!

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NOT DARK	L	I	G	H	T				
FROZEN WATER	I	C	E						
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# CRIME

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"Joe The Boss" Masseria's murder during a card game was planned by Luchino and Genovese.







Two policemen entered furnace to disprove defense claim that it was not big enough to hold a body. (Right) Police officers dig in basement of Ukrainian Hall in effort to uncover further evidence in Arthur Fried case.



# THEY STUFFED HIM INTO A FURNACE

If it had not been for the alertness of two young boys, the slender clues furnished to the FBI never could have been enough to solve the mystery of the kidnappings.

■ Arthur Fried, his wife, and their 8-year-old son lived in White Plains, a suburb of New York City. Together with four of his brothers, he owned a garage in Manhattan. He had a happy family life and no serious financial problems. Then, one evening in December, 1937, he went to pick up his car, which he had left in front of his mother's house on Sound View Avenue, in the Bronx, and had not returned home. After hours of worried waiting, Mrs. Fried notified the police. A missing-persons alarm went out, but a search revealed no trace of her husband. Some time later, Mrs. Fried's phone rang, and she rushed to answer it. A metallic young voice said, "Your husband is in the Bronx, dead-drunk. Don't worry." Then the phone was silent. But, of course, Mrs. Fried did worry, for she could not conceive of any circumstances under which her husband, who was not a drinking man, would stay out all night and wind up dead-drunk in the Bronx. Now she was convinced that he had been the victim of foul play.

Shortly afterward, a letter arrived at the Fried home. It was in Arthur Fried's handwriting and it said he was being held for ransom. Payment of two hundred thousand dollars would effect his release. The kidnapers would call and give instructions for the payoff.

Two hundred thousand dollars! It was a ridiculous sum, and Arthur had known it when he had written the letter. If Mrs. Fried used every cent she had, plus the money in their bank account, it would come closer to two thousand dollars, which suggested that Arthur had written the letter under duress, as a means of gaining time.

The FBI was called into the case.

Then, Hugo Fried, the oldest of the five brothers, received a phone call at their garage, and was given instructions about how the ransom was to be paid. He was told to make a package of the money and take it to the fire escape of the Commodore Theatre on East 6th Street in Manhattan, from which he was to drop the package to the street.

Hugo protested that it was impossible for him to raise anything like the sum the kidnapers were demanding, and, after a frantic period of bargaining, the sum was reduced to eighteen hundred dollars.

But before the hour assigned for the payoff, there was another phone call canceling the original plan and telling Hugo to go to a certain bar and wait for a man to address him as "Mr. Roberts." The man would give him final instructions.

Hugo went to the bar and waited, but no one approached him.

Meanwhile, a newspaper reporter had got hold of



(Above) The furnace where Fried's body was burned. (Right) Detective points to bullet holes in a window of a carman man. (Below) The victim's car, found abandoned on the street.



Benjamin Forber (left, without hat), one of the kidnap victims, just after his release.

the story, and his paper headlined it. The FBI men on the case were outraged. Now, the kidnapers knew that the police and the FBI would be on the lookout for them, and they might take some precipitate action that would endanger Fried's life.

For the authorities reasoned that the kidnapers were amateurs, since no professional would ask two hundred thousand dollars and then come down to a mere eighteen hundred. Professional kidnapers would have investigated the financial worth of their victim before kidnapping him and would hardly have taken such big risks for so small a ransom. Also, amateurs were more likely to panic if they felt the least bit unsure of the outcome of their venture, and there was no telling what they might do to their prisoner to get rid of him.

Although the officers tried to reassure Mrs. Fried, they strongly doubted that they would find Arthur Fried alive.

However, they redoubled their efforts, collecting every scrap of information they could find concerning the time of the kidnapping, and in the Sound View Avenue section, where Fried had gone to pick up his car, they met a group of five teenagers who had witnessed a curious incident. They said they had seen a man driving a coupé up the block (Arthur's



car was a coupé), when another, larger car had cut it off. Then a man had jumped out and had hopped in next to the driver of the coupé, after which the big car had driven off, with the coupé following it. Two of the teenagers were sure that the man who had changed cars was carrying a gun. The other three were not sure. But the boys had more information to offer. The coupé's license number began with the letters "BM," which were the first two letters of Arthur's license plate. Furthermore, three of the boys agreed that the big car's number began with "TN."

It was the first definite clue that

the officers had received, and they checked it out at the license and police bureaus to see if such a car was on record in the criminal files.

Meanwhile, Hugo Fried had received other calls making further appointments at other bars, and he had followed the instructions each time to no avail. And when the FBI checked the locations of the bars, they found that all of them were in different parts of the city. The only things the bars had in common were the usual pinball machines.

Could the kidnapers have some connection with the pinball-machine racket?



not in bad odor with anyone, and Arthur had been a pleasant man, well-liked by all, both customers and employees.

The FBI men were stymied. Usually, in a kidnap case, the victim is known to the kidnapers. Was it possible that, in this case, they were such amateurs that they had snatched a complete stranger without knowing anything about him? The huge ransom that was demanded originally suggested that possibility. If so, it meant that there was small chance of putting the finger on the criminals, since there would be no connection whatsoever between them and the victim. With over ten million people in the metropolitan area, the chance of getting the right man was one in ten million—unless the kidnapers gave them some further leads.

Then the phone calls stopped. December passed. Mrs. Fried tried to keep up a brave front for the sake of her young son, but she cried herself to sleep every night. The Fried brothers placed an ad in the papers offering \$2,500 for the safe return of their brother.

There were no replies.

Kidnapers Domenico Gula and Joseph Saccoccia (covering faces) are taken to court. (Below right) Norman Miller helped the FBI.



It was not much of a clue, but nothing could be overlooked. So the files were searched to see if any of the known gambling-machine racketeers had ever been involved in kidnapping. But there were none on record.

At the same time, another

team of agents was checking the Fried brothers' garage. Had there been any disgruntled employees? No. Had anyone been fired who might hold a grudge against Arthur? No. Were there any enemies among the garage's competitors? No. The business was





Mug shots of four leaders of kidnap syndicate: (top left and right) John Vargo, Dometrus Gule, (bottom left and right) Joseph Saccaddo, William Jacknis. (Above) The kidnap gang surrounded by detectives at headquarters.

The newspapers turned to new sensations, and, gradually, the Fried kidnappings were forgotten by all except his family, the police, and the FBI.

About three months later, there was a series of holdups and kidnappings which seemed to bear a certain resemblance to the Fried case.

A man named Benjamin Farber was one of the kidnap victims. He and his brother, Irving, owned a coal-delivery service in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. Irving had received a phone call in which a metallic-voiced young man had demanded a huge ransom, which he then allowed to be whittled down to two thousand dollars. The money was to be thrown off the Williamsburg Bridge into South 5th Street on the Brooklyn side.

The similarity between the Farber and Fried cases convinced the FBI that they were dealing with the same gang. But they feared that any publicity or intervention on their part might lead to the death of the victim. So they decided that it would be worth the chance of meeting the kidnapper's terms on the possibility of getting Ben Farber back alive. They advised Irving Farber to follow the instructions scrupulously.

Farber agreed and delivered the package of money as directed. His brother, Benjamin, was dropped out of a car near the Queensboro bridge shortly afterward, unharmed.

The FBI was pleased, for now they should be able to get information from the victim that might lead them to their quarry.

They questioned Benjamin Farber thoroughly. But all he could tell them was that there were four men and that they were all young. For, as soon as he had been picked up, his ears had been stuffed with cotton wool and his eyes had been taped shut. He had had no way of identifying the hideout where he had been held. And the car that had driven him to the hideout had made so many twists and turns that he was unable to say if he had been in Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, or Queens.

Then George Mishkin was seized on the street, forced into a car at gunpoint, and ordered to drive to his own office at the Vijax Coal Company, where he was compelled to open his safe. The kidnapers, both young men, made off with fourteen hundred dollars. Mishkin was unharmed.

The FBI scanned the police blotters and soon saw a connection. Mishkin and Farber both





were in the coal business.

Then, Max Gross, who owned a coal company in Woodhaven, Long Island, was held up in his office by two young men. All they got was one hundred dollars and Gross's gold watch, but their descriptions tallied with those of the Mishkin robbers.

The agents racked their brains. Surely, there was some significance here. The kidnap-robbers must have some connection with the coal industry. Else, why victimize three coal dealers in different parts of the city?

The agents desperately tried to develop a theory about the identity of the culprits from the few clues available to them. Were the coal-dealer victims members of a coalmen's organization? Did they buy their products from the same wholesalers? Was there anything in common in their distribution areas? Was there any employee who had worked for more than one of the victims? But to every question there was only a negative answer.

The (Continued on Page 62 )

Detectives examine a huge machine gun that was found in murder basement of Ukrainian Hall.



THE BOSS  
OF ALL  
BOSSSES:

# VITO GENOVESE

## IN ITALY

■ As he stood looking across the warm blue Mediterranean toward the rugged shape of Vesuvius across the Bay of Naples, Vito Genovese was not an impressive figure. Middle-aged, paunchy, undistinguished in appearance, no one would have selected him as a leader of men. True, there was a certain coldness in his eyes that was a key to his character, but that alone would not be sufficient to indicate that he was Il Principale, the notorious "Boss of all Bosses."

Almost six sailing days behind the Mafia leader, in New York, Thomas E. Dewey, Special Prosecutor, knew well the character of Vito Genovese. Dewey, who had just succeeded in putting Lucky Luciano behind bars, had publicly announced that he was now turning his guns against Genovese, and the gang leader had decided not to wait his turn. For he knew that Dewey was determined to establish himself as a Crime Buster (his subsequent success gained him the office of District Attorney, and later Governor of New York State, and then nominee for President of the United States), and that he could not be bought off with money or by threats.

**He was so powerful that he was able to beat a murder rap brought against him by a grand jury in New York, even before his extradition, when the only witness suddenly died.**

So Genovese had arranged his affairs as best he could and taken a ship to Italy. Tony Bender, his good and trusted friend was left in charge of some of his businesses, and in the black, locked portfolio in his stateroom were letters of credit to Italian banks running to two million dollars.

The menace of Dewey's New York was behind him. What was Italy to bring? From Naples to Rome was but a short train ride. There, he established himself in a suite at one of the highest-priced hotels on the Via Veneto, just a few blocks from the American Embassy.

He took out his prized letters of introduction, and examined them. The most important one was from a good friend in New York to Achille Pisani, the secretary of the Italian Fascist Party. Another was to Innocenza Monterisi, a beautiful, young

woman to whom he was introduced as a gentleman of unlimited means. Innocenza also happened to be the madam of Rome's most exclusive bordello, located on the Via Pinciana, just across the street from the Borghese Gardens. Her establishment was frequented only by the highest government and army officials and by the gentry of Rome.

Innocenza and Vito hit it off very well. Perhaps it was the "gentleman of unlimited means" phrase that did it, for there certainly was nothing prepossessing enough in the little man's appearance to attract such a notorious beauty.

That relationship proved invaluable to the Boss of all Bosses, for almost all the people he sought to influence were patrons of the house. It was there that he met Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, who arranged for Vito's in-



publisher of the Italian-language newspaper, *Il Martello* (The Hammer). He was one of Mussolini's harshest critics and his paper was influencing many New York Italians against him. So Mussolini reportedly remarked to Genovese, "The man is a nuisance. I wish we could get rid of him." Genovese allegedly had replied, "For money, anything can be accomplished." And the sum that was said to have been agreed to was half a million dollars.

How much of the half-million Genovese kept for himself and how much he sent to New York is not known. In any case, on a cold January night, Carlo Tresca was gunned down at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 15th Street. Although his criticism of Mussolini was silenced forever, his murder aroused more anti-Fascist feeling among the Italians of New York than his editorials ever had.

Genovese contributed handsomely to all Fascist causes. He was especially liberal toward Nola, a small town just outside Naples, which was his birthplace. There, he contributed \$250,000 for the construction of a new municipal building, one of the most handsome of any small-town center in Italy. He made sure that his contributions did not go unnoticed by Mussolini and the Fascist officials.

The Boss, Vito Genovese, King of the Mafia (left), enters New York Federal Courthouse to face dope charge. (Below) Mussolini, his friend.

introduction to the Duce. He was able to perform several tasks for Mussolini which endeared him to the Dictator and which earned for him the Civilian Medal of Honor for Services to the Fascist Government, and his close friendship with Ciano and Mussolini made him untouchable, as far as the Italian police were concerned.

One of the "favors" that Genovese did for the Fascist dictator was the elimination of Carlo Tresca, as reported recently in the New York Post. Tresca was the





According to a report in a New York newspaper, one of Genovese's many favors to his benefactor, Dictator Mussolini, was to arrange the murder of Carlo Tresca.

Genovese always made sure his investments paid off, as in the case of his wife when she demanded \$350 a week support. When he refused to give her a cent, she took the matter to court and calmly testified that he was worth at least thirty million dollars which came from gambling, narcotics, liquor, extortion, night clubs and the Italian lottery—which alone brought him between twenty and thirty thousand dollars every week! His money was stashed in foreign banks, she testified, in Naples, in Paris, in Zurich and Monte Carlo, not to mention accounts in New Jersey and New York.

"Pay her and shut her up," advised a friend, "or she'll dump us all in the soup."

Genovese paid and Anna shut up. She had hurt his pride and his pocket and had endangered his enterprises. He would dearly have loved to see her dead, but he was wise enough to know that her death would cause a great furor and put him on the spot, so he put out the "hands off" sign, and Anna was allowed to live.

That miserliness in money matters was typical of Genovese. It might seem contradictory that a man with an income of millions would refuse to pay his wife \$350 a week and still cheerfully

pay out \$250,000 to erect a municipal building in a small Italian town. But it was not so. For Genovese payments had one strict rule: "What do I *get* for my money?" For the municipal building, he received the gratitude of the Italian people and the friendship of the country's Fascist leaders, which was worth many times the amount he contributed. Where his wife was concerned, she had left him, and therefore was worth nothing to him—until he realized that it was worth the money to buy her silence. On one occasion, he was known to have ordered the death of a subordinate named Bocchia rather than pay him a

debt of \$40,000. It was that murder that was instrumental in bringing him home from Italy to stand trial for murder in New York.

But in Rome, Genovese used his influence with Achille Pisani, Secretary of the Fascist Party, to obtain an honorary job as English-Italian interpreter with the Italian Army.

With the beginning of the Second World War, his services became more important, due to the entry of England, and, when the United States became a participant, the work of Genovese took on even greater significance. But, to him, the importance lay in the fact that he was working with top military personnel and by virtue of their friendship (what officer was not anxious to be friendly to the personal buddy of Ciano and Mussolini?) was able to put through almost unbelievable deals.

When the American Army made its sweep up the Italian boot and entered Rome, Genovese greeted them with open arms, and as an American who had been in contact with the Italian forces, it was felt that he could

be invaluable to the victors. But the Mafia leader was thinking only of how he could be invaluable to himself. The services which he had supplied to the Italian Army were now transferred to the Americans who, with more money in their pockets than the Italians, made the transactions much more profitable. And by the judicious use of the black market, Genovese wormed his way into close relations with some of the highest officers of the invading forces. Colonels and majors of the American Army and, after the Italian surrender, the Allied Military Government (AMG) fell under Genovese's influence.

Genovese established an "army" of his own within the U.S. Army. Wherever there was a depot for Army supplies you could find one of his men. A key strategic post was in the motor pools. Other key contacts were with black marketeers in Naples, Turin, Milan, Venice, and, of course, Rome, itself.

Through the motor pools he was able to obtain transport for any items he could manage to withdraw from the Army depots. The next stop would be the black

markets of Italy's major cities. He had different ways of obtaining requisitions for the goods, which included radios, clothing, cigarettes, soap, whiskey, and dozens of other commodities which were in short supply.

Sometimes an officer who did not understand Italian could be prevailed upon to sign a requisition by being persuaded that it was only a routine form. Forgery also was used to supply the necessary signature. And some officers



Admirers pay their respects to Carlo Tresca, New York's anti-fascist editor (below), who was shot as he left the office of his newspaper, "Il Martello" (far left). Picked up for questioning about the murder was Carmine Galanti (right). Below is Casa Nostra mobster Joe Valachi.





Another job for Genovese: According to the informer, Joseph Valachi, the mob chief, Albert Anastasia, was set up for a "hit" (murder) by the Boss of all Bosses. He was shot in a New York barber shop (above).

were willing to sign only if they were promised part of the loot.

The handling of the merchandise presented no problem at all, for Genovese's standing with the Cosa Nostra in America had opened the ranks of the equivalent Mafia group in Italy to his use.

The gang leader's position seemed unshakable. He had an "in" with the American Army, with the AMG, and with the remnants of the Italian Army and the civilian authorities. But there was one group with which he did not have an "in"—the Criminal Investigation Division of the United States Army, which was determined to find out why and how millions of dollars' worth of materials continued to disappear from Army warehouses.

The C.I.D. assigned Orange C. Dickey, one of their young agents, to investigate the problem. For an entire year, Dickey met with intimidation, pressures and offers of bribery to discourage his efforts. However, duty and honor meant more to him than money, and he doggedly continued his investigation.

And Agent Dickey did a masterful job. He kept some of the biggest black marketeers under surveillance, and thus was able to intercept deliveries made to them by Army trucks. However, the arrest of soldier drivers and black marketeers brought only defiance. The soldiers, claiming that they were only following orders, produced documents proving they had been assigned to transport and deliver the goods. It was not until Dickey had arrested more than forty American and Canadian soldiers—some of them AWOL!—that he first heard of Genovese, when one of the prisoners informed him that, "We were told 'Genovese sent us,' if anyone questioned us, and everything would be all right." That information puzzled Dickey. Who was Genovese? he wondered.

Then, shortly afterwards, one of the black marketeers who had fallen into Dickey's net sneeringly remarked, "You can't do anything to me. I have protection. I work for Vito Genovese."

Dickey immediately set out on the trail of Genovese, and he soon discovered that the mysterious



Vito Genovese in 1959 (left), Charles "Lucky Luciano" Luciano (center), and Joseph Profaci, members of Mafia's royalty, were buried in the ostentatious and opulent tombs shown below.



little man was involved in almost every case of warehouse pilferage or stolen trucks. But, although it should have been easy to locate the suspects, since he was collecting a salary as an interpreter for AMG, and was stationed at Rome, Dickey, after making a thorough search of the Eternal City, was unable to find him.

And Innocenza, whose relationship with Genovese Dickey had discovered, insisted that she did not know where he was—and she may have been telling the truth, because, when Dickey finally tracked him down, two months later, he was living in a lavish apartment in Nola.

When Dickey informed the little gangster that he had a warrant for his arrest, he laughed uproariously. Then he said, "I can see that you don't know who I am." He drew himself up proudly. "I am Vito Genovese of the Allied Military Government. Here, take a look at these!" He handed Dickey several letters of commendation for his services from some of the most influential leaders of the Italian government.

The C.I.D. agent read them, then coolly remarked that they were (Continued on Page 61)







# ABE HUMMEL

## THE CROOKED LAWYER

**He was one of the most dishonest members of the legal profession that New York has ever known. Yet, he insisted that he was a man of "principles" concerning his clients.**

■ In 1900, the law firm of Howe and Hummel was the most influential in New York. The offices were directly across from the Tombs, on Center Street, with a flamboyant forty-foot sign that was difficult to miss. It could be seen easily by the Tombs' prisoners when they looked longingly through the barred windows at the outside world. Very few of the prisoners were clients of Howe and Hummel, for that firm had a very fine record of keeping *their* clients out of jail. The methods they used to accomplish that varied from the questionable to the absolutely dishonest, but, in any case, they succeeded.

In later days, top-flight lawyers

bragged that they had acted for the defendants in more than a hundred murder trials. However, Howe and Hummel numbered their murderer clients in the *thousands*! And very few were convicted. The firm also represented the underworld.

In one investigation, when sixty-seven whorehouse madams were summoned into court on a charge of running brothels, Howe and Hummel represented every one of them. When Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, a New York minister, testified about his rounds of the wide-open bordellos of New York, the attorneys on record for them were Howe and Hummel. During the trial, Hummel had seated two

attractive prostitutes in the first row of the courtroom with instructions to keep their eyes on Dr. Parkhurst every moment in an attempt to discomfit the minister. But the trick did not work, for Dr. Parkhurst reeled off his testimony unperturbed, including the part where he had played leap frog, in one of the houses, with four nude prostitutes. It created quite a sensation.

The notorious Mother Mandelbaum was one of the firm's regular clients and she paid them an annual retainer of \$5,000. She was the biggest "fence" in the city and she had international connections in Canada and Mexico for disposing of stolen goods, as well as outlets in all major American cities. She had thirty thieves on her payroll, whom she subsidized during slack seasons. Due to Howe



Most of the houses of prostitution in New York were clients of Abe Hummel (shown seated in the lap of his partner, William F. Howe, in the newspaper cartoon above). One of his many prominent patrons was the very famous actor, John Barrymore, depicted below in an early portrait by the noted artist, John Singer Sargent.

and Hummel, she never spent a day in jail, and she often acted as go-between in a little blackmail sideline run by the lawyers.

Through her connections with the prostitution racket, Howe and Hummel were able to keep an eye out for any girl who had had an affair, or even the slightest intimacy, with a gentleman who might have a bit of money to spare, or who was in a position to raise some. Immediately, they would get an affidavit from the girl. Then they would send a letter to the gentleman, saying, in

effect, "We have in our possession an affidavit from 'so-and-so', claiming that, at 'such-and-such-a-time', certain indiscretions took place. Not wishing to embarrass you with a public trial of this matter, we wonder if it would not be possible to settle it out of court."

The gentleman, usually married and respectable, would hurry to Howe and Hummel's office to make a settlement ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000, depending on his financial status. The girl involved usually received half

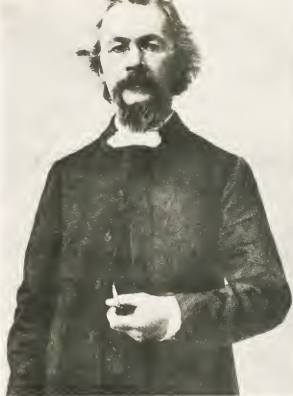
of the take. However once the money had been collected, the lawyers were very "honorable." They never attempted to milk the same sucker twice, nor would they allow the girls to do so.

One of the gentlemen that Howe and Hummel attempted to blackmail was John Barrymore, the actor, who was known for his sexual adventures. When he received their letter he laughed uproariously. "If you think you can make my reputation any worse than it is, you're crazy," he said.

So little Abe Hummel, who believed in the old adage, "When you can't fight 'em, join 'em," arranged to have the firm become Barrymore's attorneys. Thereafter, the firm handled the actor's divorces and attended to all of his legal affairs. Later, they were chosen to represent most of the theatrical people in New York, and were instrumental in setting up a Theatre Code, which, for the first time, recognized the rights of performers and is the basis for the code that is in effect today.

The firm caused to be published a book about crime in New York. Ostensibly, it was to discourage young men and women of the outlying small towns from coming to the wicked city. In reality, it was a handbook of crime and came to be known as the Criminal's Bible. It told how equipment for shoplifting could be made or purchased; how best to avoid the eagle eyes of store detectives; how to penetrate locked doors; what to say and do if arrested.





Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst (above), the well-known reformer, who visited the wide-open bordellos of New York to "investigate" SIN and later testified against sixty-seven madams, during which he confessed that he had played "leap frog" in one of the houses. All of the madams were represented by "Little Abe" Hummel.

and much more invaluable information. The book was full of advertisements for "Palaces of Joy" (brothels), all of which were Howe and Hummel clients, and every few pages there were stories of criminals who were languishing in prison because they did not have Howe and Hummel as their attorneys, while on the next pages were stories of Howe and Hummel clients who, despite strong evidence against them, had gone free.

It is no wonder that their offices were always full, with more clients than they could service. One of the editors of the New York Herald was on the H. & H. payroll, and he almost daily, wrote laudatory stories of the exploits of the firm. Their connec-

tions with Tammany Hall, which ran the political life of the city, were very close. No one could ever prove that Tammany got its share of H. & H. profits, but, on the separate occasions when both Howe and Hummel had been disbarred because they had each been caught red-handed in bribing judges, they were mysteriously reinstated within one year.

Howe was a big man with a weakness for diamonds. He would appear in court with his fingers and shirt front glittering with them. It was his habit to buy the stones and forget to pay for them, until he was sued, when he would agree to a favorable settlement with the jeweler. He boasted that he never had paid the full price for any of his gems. He did most



Monk Estman



Kid Twist



Humphrey Jackson



Louis the Lump

These are some of the many underworld characters numbered among the regular clients of the law firm of Howe and Hummel, the most influential legal outfit in New York City during the early part of the century.



A prostitute who testified at the trial, she could not understand why Parkhurst ignored her.

of the trial work himself, for he knew how to read a jury. He knew when to plead and when to weep—which he could do on demand. He seemed to be able to sense the best approach to each jury.

On one occasion, while defending a woman who had murdered her husband, Howe gave his client an unseen but extremely hard pinch, which brought her to her feet with a bellow of pain.

little more than five feet, and he was always immaculate. Usually dressed in a dark, well-pressed suit and glistening white linen, with brightly polished shoes and a well-brushed, tall hat, he always looked as though he had just stepped out of a band box. He was called "Little Abe," not jestingly, but affectionately.

At that time, William Travers Jerome, an anti-Tammany arch-enemy of the underworld, became District Attorney, and determined to put Howe and Hummel out of business and in jail, if possible, thus making easier his own fight on crime. But the idea was much easier to formulate than to carry out, for Little Abe Hummel was much too clever to leave any of his tracks exposed, and, at every turn, Jerome ran into a dead end.

The same thing happened in reverse. As soon as Hummel found that Jerome was after him (Howe died shortly after Jerome took office), he gathered his staff, "I want something on Jerome," he ordered. "No one can reach the office of District Attorney without having done something crooked during his career. Find out what it is, because the only way we can stop Jerome is to get something on him."

It was a stalemate. Neither side could find any incriminating evi-

dence against the other. Then fate intervened in the person of Charles W. Morse. Hummel had a dossier on Morse, just as he had on every man of prominence, especially politicians, in the city. No family could keep the skeletons in their closets from the prying eyes of Abe Hummel and his staff. That was one of the reasons why no sensible politician would consider bucking the little blackmailer. No one wants his own questionable past brought out into the open, and in Tammany-run New York, there were few without taint.

Morse was one of those who, with the connivance of Tammany, had run his fortune into many millions. He held the ice monopoly in New York City. In those days, before electric refrigeration, ice was an essential for the various food industries. Meat, poultry, fish, et cetera, needed ice to do business. Railroad refrigerator cars depended on ice. Every home, from the wealthiest to the humblest, needed ice daily for its icebox. Morse squeezed them all mercilessly.

William Travers Jerome wanted to "get" Morse as badly as he wanted to get Hummel. He knew that, if he could prove the crookedness of the ice monopoly, and dump (Continued on Page 58)



This is Elliot Ness, a Prohibition agent of the Twenties, who has been glorified in a television series as the nemesis of Chicago's bootleggers and gangsters. Yet, it seems that the underworld of the era never even heard of him or his reputedly incorruptible aides. (Below right) The body of gangster Joseph Terzillo lies dead in a Chicago alley, a victim of the beer-and-whiskey war.

# WHO'S ELLIOT NESS?

"I never heard of him," said Al Capone when a cellmate asked him about the man who, according to television tales, was the man who rid Chicago of its gangsters.

■ In recent years, a legend has been built around the person of Elliot Ness, picturing him as the nemesis of Al Capone. According to that legend Ness was a Prohibition agent of the Twenties, who, dismayed by the connection between the bootleggers and the police, formed a body of ten incorruptible agents and, as their

leader, made things so hot for the gangsters that they were literally driven out of Chicago.

It is true that the three thousand Chicago police and three hundred Prohibition agents in that area had failed to make a dent in the Capone empire. In the ten years of the 1920's, approximately eighty-five gang murders

took place each year, and though, in many cases, the identity of the murderers was known, and in other cases suspected, not a single one of the killers spent a single day in jail on a charge of murder.

Honest police officials were at a loss for ways to change the situation, for the corruption went from the lowest foot policeman to the top politician in the city and included judges as well as the highest elected officials. Uncorrupted police administrators did not last long in their jobs.

Charles C. Fitzmorris, who was Police Chief of Chicago from 1920 to 1923 said, "Sixty percent of my policemen are in the bootlegging business," and his successor, Morgan A. Collins, said, "Policemen are taking five dollars to look the other way when a beer truck passes by. How long will it be before they will take one hundred dollars to look the other way when a murder is being committed?"

Collins spoke with the voice of true prophecy, as the record of unprosecuted murders proved.

It may be that Elliot Ness played a part in the destruction of the Capone Gang, but it is peculiar that the newspapers of the day never mentioned his name. They seemed to know nothing of him.





The corpse of "Big Jim" Colosimo is guarded by Chicago police after he was gunned down by a young man with a scar on his cheek. Johnny Torrio hired the boy. His name? Al Capone.

It is even more interesting that Capone himself, on hearing Ness mentioned, asked, "Who is Elliot Ness?"

The group that the newspapers, magazines, and radio did mention in the late Twenties and early Thirties was the Secret Six, and they certainly did play a major role in running Capone to earth. It was largely the work of the Secret Six (combined, of course, with the activities of the honest law-enforcement officers) that drove Capone out of Chicago to seek a safe haven in Florida.

How did Chicago, a modern, up-to-date, flourishing city—the second largest in the United States—ever get into such a lawless situation? It didn't happen overnight. The record of corruption goes as far back as 1873. The mayor of Chicago at that time was against the gambling outfits that were becoming stronger in the city. In that election year, he ran on an antigambling platform.

Michael Cassius McDonald, a gambler and political ward heeler, was able to organize a few key wards in support of the rival candidate, and his man won the mayorship. McDonald's reward was a wide-open town, which meant gambling and prostitution without police interference, and with McDonald as czar of those rackets.

From 1873 on, Chicago re-

mained an open town. What was more natural than that, with the advent of Prohibition, in 1920, the open town with the subservient police force should become the center of the nation's illicit liquor traffic?

McDonald needed help, and he chose handsome "Big Jim" Colosimo to handle the prostitution racket. His job was to make sure that every brothel paid a cut to the McDonald organization, in return for which they received police protection. No house could work without paying its "dues." Neglect of that obligation brought swift police raids.

Colosimo took advantage of his position to marry the wealthiest madam on his collection route. When McDonald died, Colosimo stepped into his shoes and controlled all gambling and vice in Chicago. He was a more aggressive businessman than McDonald had been, and he soon tripled the volume of business. He brought promising, new blood into the organization wherever he found it.

One of his apprentices was his nephew, Johnny Torrio.

During that period, the Mafia was a separate organization and not as closely connected with gangland as it was later. Its leaders were annoyed because Colosimo was not paying them a share of his fabulous profits. So they sent a "messenger" named Vin-



cent Cosmano to the racketeer to tell him to "pay up or else." When the gunman delivered his ultimatum, Big Joe turned to Johnny Torrio and said, "Take care of him, Johnny!"

Torrio immediately pumped three bullets into the collector's midsection. The racketeer was never bothered again.

Big Jim liked the way Torrio had handled the affair and he took the lad under his wing to groom him for future leadership.

McDonald, Colosimo, and later, Torrio, had one thing in common. They never neglected their payoffs to the police, which maintained them as their servile

captives.

Torrio, as first assistant to Colosimo, saw that, with the popularity of automobiles, a new phase in the prostitution business had arrived. Houses need no longer be centrally located. So he set up brothels on the outskirts of the city where rents were much

cheaper and where the police could be bought for a pittance.

In Burnham, for instance, one house used ninety girls, working in three shifts. Cars from all over Illinois and neighboring Indiana used its parking lots.

With the advent of Prohibition, Torrio saw the possibility of making additional millions, but Colosimo, now in his sixties, had fallen in love with a 25-year-old singer, who refused to sleep with him unless he divorced his wife. Beset by his personal problems, Big Jim was too involved to move wholeheartedly into the bootlegging trade. The racketeer was dragging his feet, and Torrio grew impatient. Colosimo was standing in the way of progress.

On May 11, 1920, Torrio put Big Jim "on the spot"—the method that was to become standard practice in gangland. To be sure that Colosimo would be at a certain place at a certain time, Torrio told him that a shipment of whiskey was due at their headquarters at 10 A.M., and he suggested that he be there to receive it. And Big Jim was there at the appointed time.

When the truck arrived, a young man with a scar on his cheek got out and went in to meet Colosimo who, at that early hour of the day was alone. A shot rang out, and, shortly afterward, the scarred man went back to his truck and drove away. Big Jim Colosimo was dead.

Chicago detectives also used "choppers" to enforce the law. (Left) Al Capone in his heyday, he replaced Torrio as mob leader. (Below, l. to r.) Three members of the famous Secret Six: John Swanson, Col. Sprague and Col. Randolph, who helped clean up Chicago





Now, Johnny Torrio was the undisputed chief of the Chicago underworld. His first assistant was the young man with the scar on his cheek. His name was Al Capone, an ex-New York boy known as "Scarface."

But the following bootlegging years did not go smoothly for Torrio. With the super profits involved, it was inevitable that there would be competition. Chief among his competitors were the Genna brothers, George Moran, and the Dion O'Banion gang. It was the triggerman of those various gangs who were responsible for most of the murders during those years.

O'Banion hated the Italians and Sicilians who chiefly composed the Genna and Torrio mobs and

Chicago's grandest gangland funeral (in 1924) was for Dion O'Banion. His silver-trimmed casket cost \$10,000. No one in his mob had ever mentioned Elliot Ness. (Below) A mob chief lies murdered in bed.





he despised anyone who was connected with prostitution. He was for the "clean" dollar—that is, one made by selling beer and whiskey.

Under pressure from Torrio, O'Banion pretended that he was frightened and willing to sell out his beer interests and leave Chicago. An arrangement was made whereby Torrio paid a half-million dollars in cash for O'Banion's interest in a large brewery. But, no sooner had the money changed hands than the police, under the leadership of the honest police chief, Collins, raided the brewery, destroyed its stock and equipment, and arrested Torrio as the owner. That half-million-dollar raid was the largest on record—and it was made by Police Chief Collins, not Elliot Ness.

O'Banion, half a million dollars richer, roared with laughter after the raid and let it be known that he had tipped off the police. "I guess I rubbed those pimps' noses in the mud!" he rasped gleefully. But he had laughed too soon, for he had signed his own death warrant.

Soon afterward, three of Torrio's gunmen entered the flower shop, which O'Banion ran as a labor of love, and shot him to death. No arrests were made by

the police, but George Moran, a gangster friend of O'Banion, thought that Dion's death should be avenged, and at first sight, he and some henchmen peppered Torrio with bullets, wounding him seriously.

Moran was identified by an eye-witness, but once more the police were blind, and he was not even arrested on suspicion. And Torrio pressed no charges against him.

The shooting gave Torrio a new and different outlook on life. It never before had occurred to him that he, too, could be marked for death.

Thereafter, life of a gangster lost all interest for him, and he sold out his share in the mob, which was reputed to be clearing better than one hundred million dollars a year, and severed his connection with the gang. Al Capone, the number-two man, now became Number One.

Capone, was a more ruthless leader even than Torrio had been. He would tolerate no opposition,

and when he learned that Moran, who held together the remnants of the O'Banion gang, was out to get him, with Hymie Weiss, famed as a quick-draw gunman appointed as executioner, Capone struck first.

On St. Valentine's Day, in 1930, his boys caught seven of Moran's men in a garage and machine-gunned them to death. It later was discovered that the seventh man, who had been mistaken for Moran, was not even a gangster, but only a visiting neighborhood dentist who had stopped in to pass the time of day. Moran, the chief target, had escaped the massacre.

The mass murder aroused public indignation to a high degree. But the hoodlums did not have the sense to wait until public opinion had cooled down. The Valentine's-Day Massacre was soon followed by the murder of Jake Lingle, a newspaper reporter. To have the gangsters wipe out each other was bad enough (Continued on Page 63)

Roger Touhy (right) another Chicago gang chief, is shown in Federal Court in St. Paul, Minn., on trial for kidnapping a wealthy brewer. Elliot Ness was unknown in his racket



Capone smirks as he is questioned by Detective Chief John Stagg in Chicago after serving ten months in Philadelphia.

# MURDER, INC.'S BUGSY SIEGEL

HE CREATED LAS VEGAS  
THE GAMBLING CAPITOL  
BUT WAS "HIT" BEFORE  
IT PAID OFF

■ Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel was born in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York, in 1906. In those days, Williamsburg was sneeringly referred to as "the wrong side of the Bridge" by Manhattan's East siders, who considered anything below 14th Street as alien territory. But a three-cent trolley ride could take the youth across the Bridge, or lacking such riches, a fifteen-minute trot would bring him to the friends he had made in the Cannon Street area on the "right" side of the river.

In the early Twenties, with the advent of Prohibition, the East Side was under the domination of two main gangs and their minor offshoots. The gangsters were not as provincial as the other residents. They stretched their tentacles into all the boroughs and had connections in every major city throughout the country. One gang was chiefly Italian and boasted such members as Vito Genovese, Lucky Luciano, Franky Uale (pronounced Yale) and Albert Anastasia, to name a few.

The other gang was mostly Jewish and had as its leaders Lepke Buchalter, Gurrah Shapiro, Meyer Lansky, "Big Greenie" Greenberg, Allie Tannenbaum, Farvel Cohen, and Abe "Kid Twist" Reles. It was toward the latter gang that Siegel gravitated during his apprenticeship in crime. He found a soulmate in Meyer Lansky, who was about his own age, and between them, they set up the Bugsy-Meyer mob, which was a subgroup of the Lepke-Shapiro gang.

No one knows how Bugsy got his nickname, but although he hated it, it clung to him all his life. He made his first venture into crime at fourteen, when, with two other youths of about his age, he held up a loan office. But something went wrong, and he had to make his getaway on foot. He was known even then for his great running speed. And he was so elated by the success and excitement of his first criminal act that he became a confirmed thief, leaving his respectable family and leading the life of a petty crook

—a "punk," in the language of his new trade.

However, Bugsy was many notches above the ordinary punk. He was bright, good-looking and blessed with a great deal of charm. His friends respected his judgment, and girls fell all over themselves to become recipients of his favors. When he was twenty, he was arrested and charged with the rape of a neighborhood girl. But before the case came to court, the charge was withdrawn because the girl's parents refused to press it. Whether that, too, was a result of Bugsy's charm or a few words of warning from his gangster friends is not known. But it was typical of the luck he enjoyed throughout his life. Warnings against Bugsy Siegel al-

ways seemed to disappear or die under mysterious circumstances before the time came for them to testify.

His intellectual superiority to other criminals was evident in his rapid rise within the ranks of gandom. While still in his twenties, he had gone from the tenements of the East Side to a suite in the Waldorf-Astoria, the same hotel that was the headquarters of Lucky Luciano.

By 1931, when Bugsy was a mere twenty-five years old, he had gained so much power through the control of far-flung rackets that he was able to summon to a meeting such top-flight men as Louis Lepke Buchalter and Jacob "Gurrah Jake" Shapiro, who were at that time busy organizing Murder, Inc. Also present at the meeting were Farvel Cohen, "Curly" Holtz, Harry Telitelbaum, Louis Kravitz, and "Big Greenie" Greenberg, all of whom were experienced in applying muscle or committing murder when it was

necessary to attain their ends.

That meeting was doubly important. First, because it showed Bugsy's growing strength, but, secondly, because the meeting was raided by the police and all its members were taken to police headquarters, where they were fingerprinted and mugged, singly



Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel (left), lies dead in his mistress's home, after his murder by unknown assailants. (Below) Bloody corpse is prepared for removal. (Right) Where killers stood





and collectively. Some years later, after Big Greenie's murder, when Siegel was questioned concerning the crime, he denied knowing Big Greenie, but the picture of them standing together during that arrest proved that he was a liar.

Bugsy married his childhood sweetheart, Esta, and bought her a luxurious home at 46 Braden Road, in Scarsdale. However, he did not spend much time with his bride because his business ventures necessitated trips all over the country. And even when he was at home, he kept his private life and his business life separate, so that Esta had not the slightest idea of how deeply her husband was involved in corruption and murder.

The Bugsy-Meyer group worked both sides of the fence. Their initial allegiance had been to the Lepke-Gurrah gang, and they continued to work with that group

even after Bugsy had attained a position of leadership within it. And they did not hesitate to lend their forces to the Luciano-Anastasia-Genovese mob, which was involved in dope, prostitution and racketeering on the docks.

It was not long before Bugsy rose to a position of leadership in the "Syndicate," which was the outgrowth of the Mafia.

Other names which dominated New York underworld society at that time were Arnold Rothstein, Dutch Schultz, Waxey Gordon, and Willie Moretti. The leader of Tammany Hall was Jimmy Hines, and the suave Jimmie-Walker was the city's Mayor. It was the era of Prohibition, when almost everyone in the nation was breaking that generally unenforceable law, thus playing into the hands of the gangsters and helping them to become inordinately rich and powerful. The millions they garn-

ered gave them the wherewithal to bribe amenable police and politicians.

The rule of the underworld in those days was much more blatant and blood-thirsty than it is even today when the numbers racket and dope-peddling brings millions into the office of the same types of criminals.

It was during a trip to Miami Beach that Bugsy was caught in a gambling raid, and much embarrassed, he gave a false name and was fined \$100. It was the first and last time he ever was convicted of crime, and to find a record of it would involve checking the records for his fictitious name, which was Harry Rosen.

For as long as it lasted, Bugsy led a charmed life, for, despite the bloodiness of his career (he bragged about the many men he had killed), the only conviction against him was for that minor gambling offense.



Police lift body of "Big Greenie" Greenberg from his car after his murder, allegedly on orders of "Bugsy" Siegel. (Above) Al Tannenbaum (left) testified that he was flown to Hollywood from New York to kill Greenberg. (Center) Siegel and Frank Corbo (right), went on trial in Los Angeles for the slaying. Later Tannenbaum said that Corbo did the actual shooting. (Below) Louis Lopic Buchalter, alleged head of Murder, Inc.



When he was questioned about his good luck, Bugsy replied, "Why should they (the police) bother us? We don't kill any of their people. We only kill our own."

Bugsy Siegel was a sort of Christopher Columbus of the New

York mobs. He felt that if he went west far enough, he would find new worlds of untold, and as yet untapped, riches. For he was bored with New York, and he hated being called "Bugsy" Siegel. The handsome gangster wanted respectability — and more: he

wanted some glamor in his life. Having admired moving-picture people for years, and being acquainted with some of them, he decided move to Hollywood and exploit those acquaintances.

He left some of his hoodlums in New York to look after his varied interests; others moved to the West Coast with him to take care of any strong-arm work that might be needed. And there, he metamorphosed from Bugsy Siegel, New York hood and racketeer, to Benjamin Siegel, West Coast gentleman and sports fancier. Although the only sports he indulged in were horse racing and prize fighting, he liked to be thought of as a sportsman. And he spent a great deal of his time on them, deriving a great deal of his income from fixed fights and horse races.

In Hollywood, Bugsy (now Benjamin) rented the house that had formerly belonged to Lawrence Tibbet, the noted opera star, and set out to find new sources of revenue. For some time, he had had his eye on the Continental Press Service, which was owned by James Ragen, Sr., and operated from Chicago. Continental supplied bookies all over the country with the racing information that was vital to their trade. Entries, odds, results and pari-mutuel payoffs were flashed over the wires at rates running from \$100 to \$1,200 a week.

Now, Siegel decided to pay a

"Scarface" Al Capone and "Bugsy" Siegel became partners in a wire-service racket to which every bookie had to subscribe.



visit to Al Capone, in Chicago, since that city was the heart of Ragen's enterprise—and since Al Capone was the top man there—and propose that together they take over Continental.

But, apparently, Ragen had influence among the syndicate leaders, for Capone did not think it would be wise to "take" the racing-business chief in the usual way. Instead, he proposed setting up a dual organization, to be called Trans-America Service, with himself in control of everything from Chicago eastward, and Siegel managing the western half of the country.

Siegel readily accepted the proposal.

A nationwide series of beatings, and murders followed to force every bookie in the country to subscribe to the Trans-America Service, even though he was already getting the same information from Continental.

Later, there was trouble between Siegel and Capone when the Chicagoan gave Bugsy some orders concerning the west-coast operations of Trans-America. The charming gangster is reputed to have told Al bluntly, "Keep your goddam nose out of my business!" That incident was reported to have been the beginning of the end for Bugsy, with the Syndicate.

In the meantime, however, with money pouring in from a dozen different enterprises, including a New York insurance company and a dozen gambling joints, Siegel was riding high. He decided to move to a more fashionable neighborhood, and bought a plot of land on Delfern Avenue, where he built a house costing \$125,000, exclusive of its lavish furnishings and Olympic-sized swimming pool.

Now, the handsome thug was ready to invade the Hollywood scene. An old-time friend of Bugsy, Longy Zwillman, head of the New Jersey rackets, also was a friend—and sweetheart—of Jean Harlow, the platinum-haired sex symbol. Zwillman introduced Bugsy to Jean, and Siegel was soon an intimate of the whole family.

Another prominent personality with whom Bugsy became intimate (in the broadest sense of the word) was the leader of Hol-



Nine-man lineup (above), after a raid on a suite at a hotel where they were holding a conference, includes Siegel (second from left). The others are (from left) Joseph Rosen, Harry Teitelbaum, Lepke, Big Greenie, Louis Kravitz, Jacob Shapiro, Little Farrel, and Hyman (Curly) Holtz. (Left) "Kid Twist" Reles (center)

lywood's high society, Countess Dorothy Di Frasso. With a multi-million-dollar fortune inherited from her father, she had married an Italian nobleman, Count Carlo Di Frasso. Her home in Italy was called Villa Madama, a huge estate, filled with priceless Renaissance paintings, irreplaceable statuary and other works of art. But the Countess preferred living in Hollywood (while the Count stayed in Italy), where she regularly entertained such celebrities as Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Fred Astaire, Dolores Del Rio, Frederick March and Clark Gable.

As it happened, it was not long after the Countess had been making sheep's eyes at Gary Cooper, but had been turned down by him, that she met Bugsy Siegel, and his magnetic charm captivated her. Within a week, they were an inseparable pair.

Now, the Bug was really "in," for, with the Countess as his sponsor, all Hollywood was open to him. Never before had a gangster enjoyed the intimate friendship of the biggest people in town.

Then Bugsy found himself on the losing end of several ventures which one would hardly expect such a keen businessman to have been suckered into. One was a search for buried treasure. A con sold him a story about a treasure map, and Bugsy bought and equipped a ship to search for a sixty-million-dollar hoard that was supposed to have been buried by the survivors of the "ghost" ship, Mary Deere. The ship was named the *Matha Nelson*, and he sailed for Cocos Island, a small bit of land in the Pacific Ocean, some 300 miles west of Costa Rica, which owned it. All Siegel got was a sunburn and sore hands from digging.



Charles "Lucky" Luciano leaves New York court after being accused of being the "Boss" of a vice ring. He was rubbed out after arguing with Siegel in Cuba. (Below right) Virginia Hill.

Another unfortunate investment that Siegel made was in the *Rex*, a gambling ship owned by a crook named Tony Cornero. It was anchored three miles off the coast, and Cornero proceeded to do business via a squadron of water taxis. But Los Angeles claimed jurisdiction up to the twelve-mile limit, so all aboard were arrested. Cornero took the ship out to the twelve-mile limit, and added two more gambling ships to his fleet. It looked as though he had it made, but the Attorney General of California ordered a raid of the ships, and 120 slot machines,

20 roulette wheels, 25 blackjack tables, and hundreds of dice tables were dumped into the sea. Cornero was out of business.

A third unlikely venture was a search for shark's-liver oil. There was a shortage of vitamin C and Bugsy was convinced that sharks' livers were a fine source of that vitamin, and that sharks abounded in great numbers just off the California coast. What was more natural than to back a fleet of fishing vessels to catch the sharks? But when the fishermen went out to catch them, there was not a shark to be found.

Those were all small losses compared to the Bug's income, but they showed that he was endowed with a goodly portion of the naiveté that is common to long-shot gamblers.

Now, certain repercussions of his earlier eastern life began to haunt Siegel. Having presided at the killings of Tony Fabrizzo and Joe Amberg, and his brother, "Pretty" Amberg, among many others, he had made some powerful enemies. And there were those among his friends who felt that they had enough on him for black-mailing.

Then came the trouble with Big Greenie Greenberg. When he was being deported to his native Poland, he jumped ship and landed in Canada. From there, he wrote to Lepke asking for a big hunk of cash to keep himself going, suggesting that if the money was not forthcoming he would talk to the police.

Nobody in his right mind would threaten (Continued on Page 64)



# CHARLES PONZI, THE CROOKED GENIUS

He defrauded many thousands of his impoverished fellow immigrants of their hard-earned money.

■ Was Charles Ponzi an extremely clever swindler or just a small-time crook who got himself involved in a scheme that was too big for him to handle?

His history suggests the latter, for, if he had been cleverer, he could have absconded with fifteen million dollars or more, instead of serving prison sentences and then being reported, a financially broke and spiritually broken man.

He was born near Parma, Italy, of a peasant family, and early



Charles Ponzi, the financial wizard who was not driven, though, to serve prison after serving sentences.

saw that there was no future in farm life, where the peasant derived little more satisfaction from his labors than the mule he used to plow his small tract of land.

So, when he was still a young man he pestered his parents with tales of the great wealth to be made in America until they sacrificed their life savings to buy him steerage passage to the New World. Of course, he promised to send them a hundred times that amount, and to send for them to join him in the States to share his wealth as soon as he made it—which, he assured them, would be in a matter of months.

He was only seventeen when he arrived in New York City in 1899. Having a limited education, with no experience except farming, and knowing no English, he found, to his great disappointment, that it was just as difficult to make a living in America as it had been in Italy. His first job was as a common laborer on a construction project, where the foreman kept a keen eye out to see that there were no shirkers in his gang.

Young Charles, who was only five feet, two (he never grew any

taller), and not heavily muscled, felt that there must be an easier way to make a living. Then he heard that in the Pittsburgh steel mills help was scarce, wages high, and the work much easier. So off to Pittsburgh he went.

But, unfortunately, the only job he could find was as a pick-and-shovel man—the same job he had deserted in New York.

Charles had a sharp ear and, within two years, he had picked up enough English to get out of the labor gangs and find less arduous work. He became a bus boy in a New York restaurant, and then a waiter at Delmonico's.

It was at Delmonico's that he came to the conclusion that there were two kinds of people in America—those who ate at plush restaurants like Delmonico's and those who served them, either at their tables or in their business. The desire burned in him to change places with his customers but it was a desire shared by almost all of his fellow workers, and very few had ever been able to make the transition.

During those first several years in the United States, young Charles had not been able to send a penny home to his folks in Italy.

In fact, he had been barely able to support himself. Finally, he decided that success in the United States was an impossibility, so he decided to try his luck in Canada.

For some unknown reason, passport difficulties, perhaps, he changed his identity, and landed in Montreal, not as Charles Ponzi, but as Charles Bianchi. He was then about twenty-five years old. There, he received his first good break and began to garner some of the coin of the realm. But coins have two sides and the other side of his was marked "disaster."

Naturally, he drifted to the Italian section of Montreal and found himself the usual small furnished room with an Italian family. They introduced him to Mr. Giuseppe Zarrossi, who had come to settle some small difficulty for them.

Zarrossi was the unofficial "mayor" of the Italian section. As a long-time resident of Montreal, with a smattering of legal training, he helped his neighbors with the problems they encountered in this new land and had earned their implicit trust. For a living, he ran a small loan company, with headquarters at the



About to be deported to Italy aboard the *Volcanio*, Ponzi waves goodbye to Boston and the thousands of suckers who had believed in him. (Below) The little swindler breaks into tears as he is being interviewed by newspaper reporters aboard ship.







(Above) Ponzi, as he looked in 1922. (Below left) Charles F. Ponzi, head of President Harding's Veterans' Bureau, when \$200,000,000 in graft changed hands. He went to jail. (Above right) Albert Fall, Sec. of Interior, and oilman Harry F. Sinclair, charged with fraud.



corner of St. James and Inspector streets. He took a liking to Bianchi-Ponzi, and he offered him a job in his loan office, which Ponzi gladly accepted.

Soon, they opened a new branch of the business, with Ponzi in charge. They would accept money to be sent home to Italy—at interest. The principal would be sent to the family in Italy; the interest would be paid to the depositor in Montreal. There is no record that Ponzi ever sent any money to his own family. There is evidence that he never learned the simple rudiments of transferring money to a foreign country.

Every cent that was deposited for transfer to Italy stayed with Ponzi. All he did was to be sure to record the dates on which the interest would be due, in order to keep the depositors happy.

It is not known whether the plan was Ponzi's, alone, or whether it was hatched in conjunction with Zarrossi, or whether Ponzi was merely following Zarrossi's instructions. We do know that it did not last long. Letters from the Old Country told depositors that money they claimed to have sent had never arrived. The letters were turned over to the authorities, who made a rapid investigation.

At the first sign of trouble, Zarrossi made a hurried trip to Mexico, whence he never returned, and Ponzi was left holding the bag alone. And so, to pay for his short period of prosperity, Ponzi was sentenced to three years in the St. Vincent de Paul prison, where he had time to wonder why the lovely money-making plan had failed so rapidly. Finally, he concluded that its weakness lay in their being a recipient of the money. Had

there been no recipient, there would have been no one to complain. On the other hand, without a prospective recipient, what would induce the donors to contribute their dollars? After wrestling with the problem, and attacking it from every direction, he could find no answer, so he abandoned it.

Released from jail, after serving his time, Ponzi, in need of money, attempted to make some by smuggling aliens into the United States. Once more, his lack of acumen was apparent, for he was caught in his first effort and, still under the name of Bianchi, was given a three-year term at Atlanta.

When his Atlanta sojourn was completed, Ponzi, using his real name now, drifted northward again to Boston, working at odd jobs on the way. In the city of beans and Brahmins, he landed a job with a wholesale-fruit merchant, Mr. Guecco, where he met, and won the boss's daughter—over her father's protests.

As son-in-law, Ponzi became more active in the fruit business, persuading his father-in-law to take it easy while he (Ponzi) ran the business. Within a year he had run it into bankruptcy.

After another period of unemployment and poverty, Ponzi

found a job as stock boy with the well-established brokerage firm of J. P. Poole. His salary was 14 dollars a week. Two years later, he became a clerk at 16 dollars.

Then, one fateful day, Charles Ponzi opened a letter from Madrid that, among other things, contained a stamp for a reply. The stamp, bought or sold in the United States, had the value of five cents, but purchased in Madrid, which had a depressed currency and different postal regulations, it could be had for one penny.

Ponzi ignored the letter and concentrated on the stamp. Here was the greatest money-making scheme in the whole world! How had it been neglected up to now? Five-hundred-percent profit! It was the answer to the problem he had tried to solve while he had been in the Montreal Prison. And it was legitimate! He could collect any amount of money from his Italian neighbors, trade in foreign-bought postage stamps, give them half the profit, and still get rich on the other half.

He made the routine reply to the enclosed letter and added a personal note, asking the Madrid correspondent to be so good as to send him five dollars' worth of stamps, for which he enclosed the money.



In addition to his postal-reply racket, Ponzi also was involved in the Florida real-estate swindles. (Below) A typical Ponzi publicity picture that lured thousands of gullible investors in his phony scheme.



While awaiting the return letter, Ponzi dreamed big dreams. He envisioned a network of employees purchasing stamps in whichever countries had the most depressed currencies. He dreamed of himself, richly attired and eating at Delmonico's, leaving huge

tips, riding in expensive cars, and living in a mansion. His dreams took up too much of his time and his superior began to find fault with the quality of his work.

At last, the letter with the stamps arrived. Ponzi looked at



Charles Ponzi, promoting real estate in Florida. (Above right) The swindler in court with his wife in Jacksonville, during Government investigation of their real-estate operations. (Below left) He is arrested for using mails to defraud.

them with pride and delight. Here was the basis for a new life of wealth, for the fulfillment of all his dreams!

At that moment, the chief clerk approached Ponzi and scolded him because some assigned work had not been completed. Little Charlie—the potential millionaire—refused to be spoken to in that manner. He drew himself up to his full five feet, two, and said, "I don't like your attitude. In fact, I don't like your job, and I'm leaving it right now!"

Then, gathering his few personal belongings, he left the firm of J. P. Poole, with a final word for his chief. "You," he said pompously, "will be sorry for your impertinence to me!" And he stalked out.

When he reached home, his wife, Rose, was surprised. "Are you sick," she asked, "that you come home in the middle of the day?"

"No—no! I have quit that miserable job!" Ponzi shouted.

"Quit? How can you quit? The rent is due. You can't quit when the rent is due!" his wife protested.

Don't worry about rent, he told her. Soon she would have her own house and never have to pay rent again.

Then he decided to read the letter that had accompanied the stamps from his Madrid correspondent. It said that the requested stamps were enclosed only because there had been a



Ponzi (left), with Charles Gorris, immigration office clerk. (Below) the unscrupulous swindler is shown surrendering to immigration Commissioner M. W. Wood before a postman.



slight surplus in his own stock that month. In fact, had the request been for more than five dollars' worth, he would have been unable to honor it, since he was on a rigid allotment. There was no way to obtain the stamps except through allotments, which were given only to legitimate firms engaged in international commerce!

Ponzi paled. He had blundered

again! His beautiful scheme for five-hundred-percent profit had burst like a soap bubble. He was right back where he had started, but much worse off. Now, he had a wife to support, no job, and the rent was due!

For several weeks, he looked for a job without success. Now, the rent was overdue! The landlord had given him a final ultimatum. Rose's food money was

practically gone, and things were looking dark, indeed.

While he was sitting on his front stoop brooding, one of his neighbors, an Italian laborer, stopped to pass the time of day. "You're home early," the neighbor said. "Don't you go to work anymore?"

"Oh," said Ponzi airily, not willing to admit the truth of his financial condition, "I don't have



to work any more. I am engaged in foreign exchange, which brings me in a lot of money without working."

His neighbor's eyes widened. "Money without working? How do you manage that?"

Ponzi explained his beautiful plan about foreign stamps, without mentioning that the dream had burst. His neighbor was not able to comprehend much of Ponzi's explanation. But he was intrigued by the idea of "money without working."

"Could you," he asked timidly, "invest some money for me in that plan?"

Could a starving man refuse an invitation to a banquet? Ponzi restrained himself with a great effort.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said

feigning reluctance to speak, "If I let everybody in on it there'll be so much less for me. But, since you're an old friend, I'll do it. If you'll give me fifty dollars to invest, you'll get back seventy-five in three months' time."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the neighbor gleefully. "Thank you a million times! I'll be right back!"

Fifteen minutes later, Ponzi had five crumpled ten-dollar bills in his pocket—enough to clear up his immediate financial emergency. And he felt not the slightest uneasiness about raising the seventy-five dollars, for which he had given his neighbor a note. After all, he had had three months' leeway.

That evening, Ponzi's doorbell rang. When he answered it, he found his neighbor's brother standing (Continued on Page 54)

# HARRY K. THAW murderer!

**Rich, spoiled, degenerate, this scion of a Pittsburgh railroad magnate never really grew up. And inevitably, his life of debauchery finally led to a senseless murder.**

■ "Harry Kendall Thaw to the bar." The clerk's voice echoed, hoarse and loud, in the hushed courtroom, as a side door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered man walked slowly toward the judge's bench. "You are charged," came the hoarse voice again, "with murder in the first degree. On the night of June 25, 1906, you did, with malice aforethought . . ."

But the man at the bar seemed scarcely to be listening. His pale, sallow face peered about the room, and his lips drooped slightly at the corners, like the mouth of a sulky child. For so large a man, he had remarkably small hands; white and completely hairless, they clasped and twisted each other until, out of the sea of faces in the courtroom, he found the one he sought when his eyes came to rest at the Prosecutor's table, where a short, stocky man with a pince-nez and bristling moustache stared coldly back at him. For a long moment, the two glances met, and then the man at the judge's bench turned away. Then his tongue flicked nervously over his full, drooping lips, and his hands began again their restlessness twitching.

It was, said every newspaper in America, "the trial of the century." Despite the raw, chilly wind that blew through New York on

that January morning, the street outside the Criminal Courts Building in lower Manhattan was filled with a large restless crowd, trying desperately to get inside. Newsmen, actresses, and millionaires rubbed elbows in the mob;

housewives left their children with neighbors, their beds unmade, in the rush to get to the courtroom doors before they opened at 9 A.M.

For the man on trial for his life was not an ordinary man, and his victim was not an ordinary victim. The drama that was about to unfold was no simple, sordid tale of murder in the streets. And it would bring into the public spotlight that small, exclusive,



Harry K. Thaw, with his indomitable mother, who spoiled him rotten with her vast wealth.



New York's first "fighting D.A." is greeted in Cootick, Canada, as a "common gambler." His relentless pursuit of the fugitive Shaw was unpopular even there.

shadowy group of New York's elite, the world of diamonds and champagne, of dancing at Delmonico's, of Fifth Avenue mansions and Broadway night clubs. Sex, money, fame, beauty, death—the combination was irresistible, and the crowd outside the Criminal Courts Building on that blustery January morning knew it would get its money's worth. For a suspicion was growing in America that the upper classes, with their furs, their mansions, and their private limousines were no wiser or holier than anyone else. They were simply richer. Now, that suspicion would be put to the test.

Harry K. Thaw, facing the electric chair for murder, was the heir to a \$40-million fortune. The eldest son of a Pittsburgh coal and railroad magnate, one of his sisters had married an English earl and the other a nephew of Andrew Carnegie. Brought up in an atmosphere of private tutors, frequent trips to Europe, servants waiting on his every whim, Harry, it would seem, had truly "the best of all possible worlds."

Little more than a year before, he had married Evelyn Nesbit, a former artist's model and chorus girl, once a member of the famous Floradora Sextette, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in America. Yet, for all the glamour of his life, Harry Thaw was not a likable man. Friendship was something he had to buy, with drinks or money, and he had the reputation around New York of being an idle, conceited fool. He was found of lighting his cigarettes with five-dollar bills, and had once ridden a horse up the steps of the Union League Club in an attempt to attract attention.

Harry's father, sensing early that his son was something of a wastrel, had willed him a small monthly allowance, but Harry's doting mother saw to it that he had all the money he needed, which, for the way he lived, was a great deal.

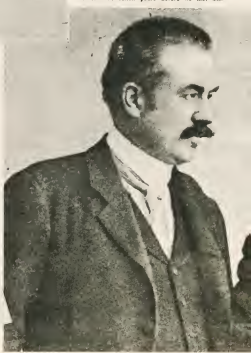
Now, on trial for his life, he had hired a team of six of the most famous lawyers in the country; one alone, who would simply deliver the closing speech, had been paid \$50,000!



The man seated at the Prosecutor's table was no ordinary man, either. William Traversa Jerome, New York's first "fighting D.A.," had defeated the whole Tammany ticket in his election in 1901. Since then, he had waged a ceaseless war on corruption in the city, from political "deals" to prostitution to Broadway gambling dens. Himself the son of an old, distinguished family, his cousin, Jennie Jerome, was the mother of Winston Churchill. Yet, he lived, by choice, in the tenement district, and made himself available to the poor and downtrodden of New York.

The popular expression, "take it to Jerome," meant the promise of certain justice. Legal processes in 1906 were far less formal than

Evelyn Nesbit, the remarkably beautiful artists' model (left), before she became involved with the perverted Thaw. Her dancing act with her partner, Jack Clifford (below left), thrived for a time after the Thaw trials. The photograph of the world-famous architect, Stanford White was taken years before he met her.





His mother's wealth provided the soditic pervers with unusual luxuries even in jail

The man whose entrance had caused such a stir at the Cafe Martin was Stanford White, the most celebrated architect of the day. Now 52 years old, he had designed many of New York's important landmarks: Grand Central Station, the Washington Arch, Tiffany's, the Herald Tribune Building. Among his latest triumphs was Madison Square Garden, where he, too, was going that night, to attend the opening of *Mamzelle Champagne*.

Erected at a cost of \$4,500,000, the Garden was the largest building in the Western world designed solely for entertainment, and had a 341-foot tower, modeled after the Giralda in Seville, and topped by a statue of Diana, naked to the waist. That statue was the talk of the town—along with Stanford White's apartment in the tower where, it was rumored, he held the most depraved parties in New York. It had mirrored ceilings in the bedrooms, erotic paintings, leopard-skin divans—the stories were endless.

White had a reputation in New York for more than architecture. He loved young girls, the show girls of Broadway, in particular, and took what only his friends called a "fatherly" interest in many, paying their hospital bills when they were out of work, sending them flowers and champagne, sometimes even supporting their families.

One of White's more famous parties was the "Girl in the Pie Dinner," when a 15-year-old model was said to have burst half-naked out of the dessert.

Rumors buzzed around Stanford White wherever he went, and that hot June night was no exception.

*Mamzelle Champagne* was well under way when White sauntered down the aisle to the table directly before the stage, which was reserved especially for favored patrons. Harry Thaw, seated farther back in the roof-garden theatre and still wearing his heavy coat, seemed to grow more and more nervous. Beside him, Evelyn sat, pale and stiff-lipped, staring fixedly at the stage. Her

they are today, and the D.A.'s day began at dawn, with a steady stream of callers asking for his help. Mothers with missing daughters, wives with drunken, gambling husbands, all looked on Jerome as their personal friend and savior, and he seldom let them down.

Now, however, on this blustery January morning, he faced the stiffest test of his career. Across the courtroom stood a man who would be his enemy for many years, both in public office and out, until death ended the battle. Today, it was only beginning. In a sense, it had begun seven months earlier, on a hot, humid night in June. . . .

Harry Thaw and his wife, Evelyn, were dining with friends at the Cafe Martin, a fashionable restaurant on West 26th Street. Evelyn, with her hair piled high in the style of the day, wore a white, embroidered satin gown that clung to her body and accentuated every faultless curve. Her large, hazel eyes danced with pleasure as she and the three men sipped champagne and shared the gossip of the day. The Thaws were passing through New York from

their home in Pittsburgh, on the way to a holiday in Europe. That night, they had tickets to the opening of *Mamzelle Champagne*, a new musical comedy that was opening at the roof-garden theatre at Madison Square Garden.

Life seemed very gay, indeed, as Evelyn raised her glass. Then, suddenly, she stiffened, and the smile faded from her face. A tall, powerfully built man with a shock of bright red hair was making his way across the crowded floor, pausing at several tables to chat with friends, and every face in the restaurant had turned to stare. Evelyn, biting her full lower lip, took a small gold pencil from her purse and scribbled a note, which she passed across the table to her husband. "That B is here," it said. The "B" stood for the word, "bastard."

Harry Thaw seemed to stiffen, too. For a long moment, no one spoke. Conversation was strained for the rest of the meal, and the party left early for Madison Square Garden. In spite of the hot, humid night, Harry was wearing a heavy overcoat with his straw hat.



Freed from prison, Thaw takes a stroll on the deck of the Aquitania, after he was refused permission to land in England. Later, however, he was allowed to spend the summer in France.



Evelyn Nesbit in 1921. Her famous beauty faded, her life ruined, she contemplated suicide.

breasts, almost visible beneath the clinging gown, rose and fell sharply, as is she had been running.

Soon, Thaw arose and began to pace up and down among the tables. Several times, he paused near White and seemed about to speak, then changed his mind. On stage, the chorus line began a gala number. Dressed in scanty fencing costumes, and swinging their foils, they began to sing: "I challenge you to a du-u-el."

Suddenly, three shots rang out. Harry Thaw, holding a revolver less than a inch from White's head, had fired it in slow, rhythmic succession. The architect's face was torn apart as one of the bullets entered his left eye. A dying reflex pulled him to his feet, and then he dropped beside the table, his brains spilling out across the floor.

Thaw, raising the gun above his head, broke it open and shook out the remaining bullets, as if to say he was finished, there was nothing more to fear. Then, making his way to the elevators at the rear, he offered no protest when he was taken into custody. In fact, he seemed exhilarated by the stir he had caused. When Evelyn, pale and shaken, reached his side, he said only, "It's all right, dearie. I have probably saved your life." And to a bystander, he remarked, "He deserved it. He ruined my wife."

No more than that was known when Harry Thaw's trial began, but by then rumor had replaced fact. Public opinion had already tried and convicted the victim, not his murderer, who claimed to be following the "unwritten law" in defending his wife's honor. The slain man had become a moral leper in the nation's eyes, while Thaw, in his cell in the Tombs, had his meals sent in from Delmonico's with a daily bottle of champagne, prescribed by the prison doctor.

The *Evening Journal* ran a typical contest: readers were asked to answer, in 100 words or less, the question, "Was Thaw Justified in Killing Stanford White?" The answer was an almost universal "Yes."

But so far, the public had only shadowy details. What, exactly, had the middle-aged architect *done* to the lovely young wife? *How* had he ruined her? All this, and more, would be answered at the trial.

The opening days were quiet enough, with the defense presenting what seemed a rather confused case in an attempt to save Harry from the chair. The first idea, apparently, was to prove him insane, and therefore not responsible for his crime. A series of psychiatrists—or "alienists," as they were called at the time—testified about the accused's past behavior, fits of melancholy, nervousness as a child.

But District Attorney Jerome, who had spent the past six months studying psychology and mental diseases, ripped them apart with his questions. One poor "expert" was even unable to state what nerves led into the spine. Thaw's chances looked dimmer and dimmer until, on the morning of February 6th, Michael Delphin Delmas took charge of the case for the defense.

Short and round, fond of purplish suits and rings that glittered on his pudgy fingers, Delphin was known as "The Napoleon of the Western Bar"—and he encouraged rumors that he was, in fact, the illegitimate son of Napoleon III. It was said that he could have won an acquittal for Judas Iscariot. Now his first decision (Continued on Page 56)



# THE ROGUE'S GALLERY



The last moment of life on the face of Arthur Glenn Jones was recorded by the camera, after he was caught by police gunfire, following a two-hour siege in Manhattan Beach, Calif. He had told police: "Throw your guns in the window, or I'll blow us all up!"

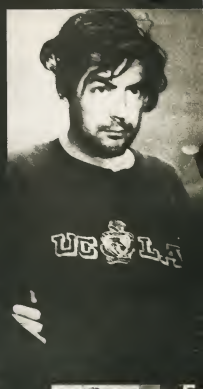


A crowd of more than 1,000 Ozark mountaineers watched Rescoe "Red" Jackson, 33, die on the gallows at Galena, Mo., for the murder of Pearl Beazley, a saloonman, in August, 1934. The photo shows killer's mask being adjusted as priest (right) waits to administer last rites





Conscious police remove body of Albert Ruten, 33, after he was killed in a gun battle. He had kidnapped a 6-year-old boy at a school-bus stop nearby.



Telephone-answering-service owner Delores Harrison, 48 (center), Ann Marie Garden, 22 (right), Peggy Randall, 30 (left), and 104 others were arrested in a giant vice roundup in connection with collie-girl activities in L.A. (Right) Paul Perveler, ex-policeman, enters court to be arraigned for murder of his wife.



Jose Gansalez, 34, a graduate student at the University of California at Los Angeles, suspected of the murder of Ella Leisinger, is taken to Santa Monica Municipal Court for arraignment.



Call me Madam Mary McBoe, 62 years old, is escorted out of her New Orleans home, following her arrest as an alleged madam of a call-girl operation. Started at fifteen, she told news reporters.



Alfred Gonsague, a 19-year-old student (above) is being taken into custody in connection with a series of 30 unsolved sex attacks on young girls in the Bronx, N.Y. (Right) Gus Symeon, self-proclaimed "King of the Gypsies," who weighs about 500 pounds, pleaded guilty to charge of defrauding six airlines of \$4,544 in tickets.





Secret Service agents escort James Hogue, 43 (center), from U.S. Commissioner's office, after arraignment on charge of threatening to kill ex-President Johnson. (left) Monica Fratt, alias "Machine Gun Molly," was shot to death by police in Montreal, following a bank holdup. She was killed in an exchange of fire with police in which she used a machine gun. Charles Starkweather, 19 (below, with his 14-year-old sweetheart, Caril Ann Fugate), was sentenced to die after bloody murder spree.





A police officer lies dead in front of a drug shop in the South-Central area of Los Angeles, after he was shot through the head when he apparently interrupted a robbery and was taking the suspects into custody. He managed to wound two of them before he died. (Right) Mobster Joseph Valachi has a smoke after testifying about nationwide crime syndicate.



Mrs. Jean Difede, 36, a widow, and Armando Casamano, a 19-year-old auto mechanic (right) are backed at police station in Richmond Hill, N.Y., on a charge of slaying her husband, Dr. Joseph Difede, 39. Their relationship, police said, "supposed close friendship." The police also said they had an eyewitness.



William Halkenbaugh lies mortally wounded after he was brought down in a farmyard while attempting to break through a police cordon that was closing in on him at Shade Gap, Pa. His death ended a week of terror for Peggy Ann Braduck, 17, whose abduction sparked one of the biggest manhunts in the history of the State of Pennsylvania.



Law-enforcement officials strip trousers off an inmate of Central Prison in Rio de Janeiro after a riot on December 25th staged by prisoners who objected to the Christmas Eve dinner.



Louise May Hunsberger, 18, is pictured at the Marion County jail in Indiana after she admitted to police that she shot her middle-aged lover to death following an argument. The dead man is Ben E. Giberson, 41, who everyone thought was the shapely girl's father.

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**Actually, there were two Ivar Kruegers. One was a man who viewed the world as a chess board and its people as pawns to be manipulated for profit. The other was a naive dolt.**

■ "Hey, Mac! Got a match? that the match you just threw Good. Now light it. Okay. Now blow it out and flip it away, away was worth five hundred and sixty thousand dollars? Well, it There, now. Would you believe was, once—to a man named Ivar

Kreuger. That's why they called him the Match King. A better name for him would have been 'The Biggest Crook in the World'. Why? Because he swindled people out of all that dough during the Twenties."

Ivar Kreuger first became a figure of international importance





Charles Ponzi, the Boston financial wizard, leaves Charleston Prison. In comparison to the incredible Krueger, this squat little man was a petty thief.

during the boisterous and bankrupt years following World War I. His timing was perfect, since Europe was then disorganized by a war that made it impossible for it to get badly needed capital from abroad to rejuvenate its economic life. Actually, at that time there was only one place that could supply the amount of money needed—the United States. But hard-headed American bankers refused to invest directly in European enterprises.

That is when Krueger decided to use his contacts with banking houses in the United States. Through them he sold millions of dollars' worth of the securities of his company, Krueger and Toll, to American investors. Then he fed the funds to various European governments in return for exclusive concessions for his match companies. Astonishingly,

he naively relied on the promises of governments and politicians that they would never default on their payments and would renew his monopolistic privileges. But, as a safety valve, he made an outright forgery of Italian bonds, which were kept in a vault. The bonds served as "evidence" of sound security.

As the Twenties rolled on, things continued to boom. The stock market was bearish and pleasure became the order of the day. However, when the first winds of adversity in the United States reached Krueger, he panicked. Frantically, he perpetrated a whole series of frauds, and at one time (Continued on Page 62)



The discarded ticker tape at the New York Stock Exchange tells the heartbreaking story of Black Tuesday. Krueger was wiped out.

## CHARLES PONZI

(Continued from Page 39)

there. Ponzi began to tremble. Would there be a demand for the return of the money? How could it be returned? Part of it already had gone to the landlord.

"Come in, come in," Ponzi said, feigning cordiality.

"My brother gave you some money to invest?" asked the visitor, his dark eyes gleaming.

"Oh—yes, that is true," replied Ponzi warily.

"You promised him fifty-percent interest in three month's time. Is that correct?" the neighbor's brother continued.

"That is correct," Ponzi began to sweat.

"Then," said his visitor, thrusting out a handful of bills, "won't you please invest some for me, too?"

Ponzi clamped his teeth together in a huge effort to conceal the relief he felt. "Well, since you are my friend's brother," he said in a show of false magnanimity, "I will do it for you." Money changed hands, a receipt was returned, and the poor, unemployed immigrant was on his way to becoming the greatest swindler of his day.

That incident occurred on September 28, 1919.

Of course, word of the transaction rapidly spread throughout the Italian community: Ponzi has discovered a financial secret by which poor men could get rich. Soon more men of the neighborhood pressed their savings on him, and each received a dated receipt in exchange.

On December 2nd, when the notes of his two original investors came due, Ponzi had enough to pay them, with plenty left over. As they entered his mean little flat, their greedy black eyes were greeted by two piles of money on the kitchen table. Each pile totaled seventy-five dollars.

Ponzi expected them to take their money and leave, but the brothers were reluctant to depart.

One of them took the money, put it in his pocket, and said happily, "It will come in handy. I promised it to my wife for Christmas shopping."

But the other brother hesitated. "Please, Mr. Ponzi," he said finally, "won't you reinvest it for me on the same terms—fifty percent in ninety days?"

Ponzi slapped him on the back jovially. "You're a clever man," he said effusively. "Soon you will be richer than Rockefeller."

The other brother looked crestfallen. "I wish I could do the same," he

said, "but I promised my wife—and you know what she is like."

"I know," said Ponzi sympathetically. "But don't worry. When you get more money, I'll be here. Always glad to serve you."

When news of the brothers' success reached the rest of the little community, Ponzi's business snowballed so rapidly that he could no longer handle the increased volume at his home, and before the end of the month, he opened an office on School Street.

During his first week on School Street, Ponzi took in about \$2,500 and paid out \$1,400. And the more money he paid out, the more new suckers begged to be permitted to invest in the scheme. And many of the original investors insisted on reinvesting.

Now, Ponzi was forced to hire clerks—first two, then four, then eight—who did nothing but take in money and hand out receipts for it. Shortly, he rented a new office in Pi Alley, a narrow street just off Washington Street, close to the Hanover Trust Company, where he banked his daily receipts. Down the street were the offices of the Boston Post and the Boston Globe.

Then, one of his new investors said to Ponzi, "I like this business. Isn't there some way I can work for you?"

"Sure," replied Ponzi. "Just get your friends to invest. For every ten dollars you bring in, I'll give you one dollar."

Before long, Ponzi had agents infiltrating the ranks of the stevedores on the Charleston docks, the barbers, the bartenders, the laborers' unions, the mill workers in Lawrence, the shoe workers in Lynn, the factory workers as far away as Bridgeport, and the money poured in. At the height of his success, Ponzi took in more than one million dollars a day!

Now, Ponzi began to make his dreams come true. He bought the biggest, most expensive car he could find—a Locomotive—and a mansion in the suburbs, fully furnished. But, more important, he bought the controlling shares in the Hanover Trust Company and became its president! He also bought control of J. P. P. Poole, just for the pleasure of firing his former boss. Then he made a special trip to New York with Rose to dine at Delmonico's.

But now many people in Boston's banking circles were beginning to question Ponzi's sudden rise to riches. Dunn, city editor of the Boston Post, cast a quizzical eye on what he saw happening practically outside his door.

The bankers did nothing about it,

but Dunn assigned one of his best reporters to investigate the Ponzi operation. It took them only one day to discover that less than \$75,000 in postal-reply stamps had been printed in the preceding year. Here was proof that Ponzi's story of stamp investments was completely false.

But Dunn did not go off half-cocked. Cautiously, he questioned all the Italians he knew about Ponzi's background. No one knew anything about the man before he had worked at Poole's. It was as though he had not existed before that.

However, one man had heard a rumor that Ponzi had once been in trouble in Canada. Dunn immediately sent a dozen reporters to Canada. They covered every major city and checked police reports, but found no record of Ponzi.

Then, on July 17th, Dunn printed a cautiously brief story about the Ponzi operation, with a separate box showing that Ponzi's profits could not possibly come from postal stamps, as he claimed.

Ponzi, in an effort to prevent further stories about his operations, paid a visit to the editor and asserted that the stamp story was just a cover-up. His actual methods must remain secret, otherwise every banker in the United States would make use of them.

Near the end of the conversation, Dunn asked quietly, "What about that trouble you were in up in Canada?"

"Oh, the Montreal affair," said Ponzi airily. "That was nothing at all. A private affair of no importance."

But when Ponzi left the editor's office he had an uneasy feeling. No one should have known that he had ever been in Montreal, and no one would have, if he hadn't given away the secret himself.

At that point, Ponzi decided to hire a public-relations man who would know how to counteract any future newspaper articles. He settled on William McMahsters, who had formerly worked as a feature writer on the Post, doing "tell it as it is" stories.

That was another error on Ponzi's part, for McMahsters wrote of things as he saw them, regardless of who paid him. And when Ponzi made the startling announcement that he was halving the interest period from ninety to forty-five days (which meant that money reinvested for ninety days would more than double in value) McMahsters, who was a typically skeptical newspaperman, grew suspicious.

But, of course, the announcement

brought lines of avid would-be investors five blocks long to Ponzi's office, waiting to invest their money in the little swindler's get-rich-quick scheme.

Now, McMasters became very concerned. If this thing was not strictly on the up and up—and he couldn't see how it could be—then he, as a Ponzi booster, was helping to defraud tens of thousands of poor working men.

Finally, McMasters came to a decision. In all of his past experience, he had found that the easiest type of person to con was a con man. As Ponzi's publicity man, McMasters questioned him on certain sensitive points, drawing him out as much as possible until he could make a positive judgment.

And the more they talked, the more McMasters became convinced that Ponzi was a fraud. In the first place, the man was completely devoid of that breadth of vision that is so essential to a man of finance. His mind ran to petty thoughts. For instance, he was elated by the offer of a free pair of shoes made by the proprietor of a neighboring shoe store, and he hurried to accept it. Also, the little man revealed a remarkable ignorance of the basic operations of foreign exchange by asking McMasters how to go about sending money to his mother in Italy. And, finally, the newspaperman learned that Ponzi had many millions of dollars on deposit in Boston banks which were drawing four-percent interest. How can anyone pay fifty percent on money that is drawing only four percent?

McMasters decided on a course of action. At the same time, Dunn, the Boston Post's editor, sent a man to Montreal to investigate Ponzi's record there. The reporter was supplied with pictures of the little financier for purposes of identification, but he was unable to uncover anything of value.

Meanwhile, McMasters continued to work on Ponzi, and he managed to convince him that, just as his announcement of the doubling of the interest rate had markedly increased the numbers of depositors, so he could quadruple that number if he could get the approval of the authorities.

So the publicity man arranged for a series of meetings with the District Attorney, the United States Attorney, and the Attorney General.

"All that will be necessary," McMasters told his employer, "is that you convince those gentlemen that your finances are in a liquid condition. Once the accept that, they will

give you their approval, and nothing that the Post can write will hurt you."

In the District Attorney's office, Ponzi sat listening as McMasters described his situation and informed him that his employer desired an audit of his books to prove his liquidity.

"Not only that," Ponzi interjected, "but look here!" He opened a valise that he had brought and displayed piles of currency in one-hundred-dollar bills. "I have two million dollars here. Do you need any more proof?"

The D.A., who previously had been primed by McMasters, replied, "That's fine. We'll arrange the audit as soon as possible."

"And as further proof of our legitimacy," added McMasters, "Mr. Ponzi has decided to accept no more deposits until the audit is completed."

"I will do more!" cried Ponzi, overwhelmed by his own nobility. "All ninety-day notes will be honored as soon as they are forty-five days old!"

The performance was repeated at the following two meetings. But when they were over, a small doubt began to gnaw at Ponzi.

"Was it necessary," he asked, "to stop taking in deposits?"

"It is the final proof of your honesty," replied McMasters and Ponzi was satisfied.

But when the news got out, a "run on the bank" developed. Thousands upon thousands of depositors lined up to draw out their money, especially those with ninety-day, which now had matured within the forty-five-day period, and Ponzi was kept busy shifting money from the bank vaults to the pay-out windows.

Meanwhile, no new deposits were being accepted.

Ponzi did some rapid mental calculations, and discovered that, if the run continued, and no more money came in, he would be unable to meet all his obligations. So he took his valise with the two million dollars and made a trip to the gambling houses at Saratoga, New York.

Using his old alias of Bianchi, he tried to augment his two million dollars. But in two days he was back in Boston, broke. And when he decided to take some additional funds from his Hanover Trust Company, he found that its vaults were barred to him. He was soon to find out why.

Dunn's reporter in Montreal finally had hit pay dirt. An Italian merchant of that city had recognized Ponzi's picture as a man he knew as Bianchi, who had been arrested for fraud some years before. Knowledge of the alias enabled the reporter

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to unearth Ponzi's past, including the Federal rap in Atlanta.

McMasters, working in conjunction with the Post, wrote the full story and the paper published it immediately. The authorities quickly clamped down on Ponzi barring him . . . the use of any of his bank accounts, and of Pooler's.

Ponzi called up McMasters and asked him why he had done such a thing. "I warned you when you hired me," the publicity man replied, "that I write it as I see it—and that was how I saw it."

All the bank accounts were drained by depositors, anxious to get their money back. When it was all gone, there were thousands left who had lots of millions of dollars. Millions more were saved by McMasters' trick of stopping all deposits when he did.

The authorities now entered the case in earnest. The Federal government tried Ponzi for using the mails to defraud and sentenced him to five years in prison. When that term had been served, Massachusetts sentenced him to a seven-to-nine-year term for grand larceny. After the little swindler finally was released from jail, it was noted that he had never applied for U.S. citizenship, so he was deported to his native Italy as an undesirable alien.

His wife had stood by him while he was in jail, but when he was sent to Italy, she divorced him.

In Italy, Ponzi found a kindred mass hypnotist in Mussolini and got a job representing the Duce with the Latin Airlines in Rio de Janeiro, but by that time he had developed the habit of drowning his troubles in wine.

And when Mussolini fell, Ponzi was completely friendless. Then he suffered a stroke and finally died in Rio, in a charity ward—a penniless drunk.

Had he been a really shrewd operator, Ponzi could have remained millionaire and lived a life of ease in any one of a dozen countries. Instead, he went to jail as a pauper. For that unconscionable super-swindler who defrauded thousands of poor workmen, was not quite clever enough.

## HARRY THAW (Continued from Page 44)

was to put Evelyn Nesbit Shaw on the witness stand. The crowd in the courtroom breathed a hungry sigh. Here, at least, was what it had been waiting for.

Evelyn, on that gray winter morning, was the very image of innocence betrayed. In her dark-blue, school-girlish dress, with its starched white collar, and her downcast eyes, she looked more like a teen-ager than a former show girl. To complete the picture, she spoke with a faint lisp. Her years on the stage had not been wasted.

On the witness stand, guided by Delmas' clever questions, she began to "lay bare her soul," as she later described it in her memoirs. She had first met Stanford White when she was fifteen years old, she said. An actress friend had introduced them, and she had gone to one of his many "studios" for lunch, where he had spent the afternoon pushing the two girls on an enormous red-velvet swing that hung from the ceiling.

Already, a picture arose in the minds of the spectators of a depraved, middle-aged man getting some perverted thrill out of that odd behavior. A week or so later, Evelyn continued, White had invited her to dinner at another of his "dens." She, expecting other guests, had been amazed to find that they were alone.

After dinner, White had taken her into a bedroom where, on a table, stood a bottle of champagne and a single glass. At her host's insistence, she drank the champagne, which tasted very bitter. "And then," said Evelyn, her voice no more than a whisper in the courtroom, "a pounding began in my ears, a pounding and a pounding. Then the whole room seemed to go around and everything got very black."

For several minutes, the young girl was shaken by sobs. When finally she was able to continue, Evelyn told of waking up naked in a bed, with White beside her, also naked, in a room filled with mirrors. She had screamed and screamed.

The architect, trying to calm her, told her that all young girls did such things, but it was important to tell no one. She agreed, and kept silent until 1903, when, on a honeymoon trip to Paris with Harry Thaw, she spilled the whole sordid tale to her prospective husband. He, said Evelyn, went wild with grief and rage.

"Were you," asked Delmas in a parting thrust, "a virgin before this incident with the champagne?"

"I was," whispered Evelyn, bursting into tears again, as she stepped down from the witness stand. It was the performance of her career.

But D.A. Jerome had a few tricks up his sleeve, too. He had met Evelyn's likes in the courtroom before. In fact, scarcely a year ago, he had prosecuted another member of the Floradora Sextette, that time on the charge of Murder One. She was Nan Patterson, the mistress of a prominent bookie named Francis "Caesar" Young. Caesar had died of gunshot wounds in a taxicab with Nan. The case seemed to be an open-and-shut one, but somehow the defense managed to prove that he had shot himself in the back, and Nan was acquitted. The case still rankled in the D.A.'s mind. It would not, he swore, be repeated.

Defly, now, he brought out the story of Evelyn's past: coming to New York at fifteen with an ambitious mother, who was determined to push her into a career on the stage, posing as a model for calendar artists and magazine illustrators (among them the famous Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson Girl). Perhaps, Jerome hinted to the jury, young Evelyn hadn't been so innocent after all.

Next, he got Evelyn to admit that, just prior to the "champagne seduction," she had posed in a kimono on a polar-bear rug for White and a photographer friend. Further, as the story unfolded, she had let White support her and her family afterwards. In fact, when she had traveled to Europe with Thaw, as his mistress, in 1903, she had taken a letter of credit from White and used it to pay for her clothes.

Now, Jerome switched to another tack: revealing that Harry Thaw was more, much more, than a righteous, vengeful husband. Under his ruthless questionings Evelyn confessed that he had beaten her, repeatedly, both before and after their marriage—once "with a rattan cane, for an entire day"—after which she stayed in bed for three weeks!

At one point, she had been so frightened that she had gone to Stanford White, himself, and had sworn out an affidavit against Thaw before lawyers, describing his sadistic acts. Only Thaw's offer of money had persuaded her to drop the charges.

Finally, Evelyn admitted finding a hypodermic needle and cocaine among her husband's possessions. When Jerome rested his case, Harry Thaw



was no longer the young Sir Galahad.

The Jury, however, was another matter. After three months of shocking testimony from both sides, they were unable to reach a decision. Seven voted for conviction, five for acquittal. After spending nearly half a million dollars to save his skin, Harry Thaw had to face a second trial.

This one, however, was short and to the point. Harry's lawyers, realizing insanity was their only chance, pulled out every stop to prove it. He had, doctors testified, been abnormal since birth. Butlers told of vicious tantrums, with the young millionaire "amusing himself by pulling the cloth off the breakfast table and booting the food into the fireplace." A woman came forward with a sordid tale of his advertising, as a "Professor Reid," for "young girls to train for the stage." He had hired rooms from her, she testified, and had beaten the girls brutally, paying \$40,000 for their silence at his first trial.

Harry, himself, seemed to crumble under the D.A.'s attacks. Sallow-faced and perspiring, he brought huge piles of paper into the courtroom and played with them all day long. As for Evelyn, Jerome maintained, she had not needed any drugs in her champagne to give Standford White what he wanted.

On February 1, 1908, Harry Thaw was committed to the State Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan.

The battle, it seemed, was over.

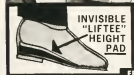
But, in fact, it had scarcely begun. No sooner was Harry behind bars than his family began to pull every trick in the book for his release. A series of appeals, habeas-corpus writs, and sanity hearings plagued the courts for the rest of the year.

However, whenever Harry faced William Travers Jerome, he seemed to fall apart. After walking confidently to the witness stand, one look at the D.A. reduced him to such a state of nerves that he had to cover his twitching mouth with a wadded handkerchief.

On December 31st, Jerome left office forever. But, nevertheless, he was determined to continue the fight against Thaw. The man was a menace to society, he felt, and should never be set free. After his retirement, the former D.A. continued to pore over psychology texts, and each time the young millionaire appeared in court, Jerome was there to meet him.

Meanwhile, Harry Thaw was not exactly languishing behind bars. He had a passion for sweets, and vanilla eclairs, baked in lots of two hun-

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divorce. Charlie was a nonentity in all ways except one. He had an unbelievable propensity for sex and alcohol. It mattered not if the alcohol was in the form of beer, wine or whiskey. He was equally indiscriminate where women were concerned. Black, white, tan, yellow, red—all were acceptable partners for Charlie's lustful activities, though he did show a preference for those who could perform the gentle art of love by unusual and unique methods. A modern psychiatrist probably would say that, because he knew his inadequacy in all other areas, Charlie was trying to prove his manhood through immoderate sexual exercises.

When Mrs. Dodge decided on a divorce, she and her husband had been separated for many years. She hired William Sweetzer as her lawyer, and Dodge retained Benjamin A. Ruger to represent him. The divorce was granted in 1897. Then, for some reason that is hard to fathom, the wealthy Mr. Morse married the ex-Mrs. Dodge, although she was not pretty, shapely, cultured, or clever. However, she was a good cook and housekeeper, but Morse easily could have hired one. Remarkably, the marriage was reasonably successful for a few years.

During that time, Charlie Dodge carried on his usual peripatetic existence, working for the most part as night clerk in cheap hotels, where the pay was low and the hours had, but where opportunities for affairs with the women tenants was very good. He would work at a hotel until his involvement with a tenant threatened to break out in a scandal, then he would move on, usually to another city.

However, his ex-wife's husband, the wealthy Mr. Morse, after two years of marriage, met an attractive young girl, who whetted his appetite for new adventures. His wife was amenable to the idea of a divorce with a handsome cash settlement, but the girl was a devout Catholic, and was forbidden to marry a divorced man.

Morse brought the problem to Little Abe. After the destruction of his old office building to make way for a more modern structure, Hummel had moved his practice to the basement of the New York Life Insurance Building at 346 Broadway. He had taken with him two of his standard props: a large metal bowl in which he burned any incriminating documents against the gentlemen who paid him blackmail, and a dummy telephone through which he would hold imaginary conversations

with judges, politicians, and at times, even with the Mayor, in order to calm his nervous clients who, hearing those one-way conversations, would leave the office assured that their cases were "fixed."

Hummel examined Morse's predicament. "There's only one way out for you," he said. "If we can prove that your wife's divorce from Charlie Dodge wasn't legal, it will follow that her marriage to you wasn't legal, and you'll be free to marry your sweet-heart. But it'll cost a lot of money." "Money is no object," replied Morse. "Go ahead on it."

The fee mentioned was \$60,000, with a retainer of \$15,000, and, of course, all expenses paid.

Hummel immediately dispatched one of his investigators, Edward Bracken, a former policeman, to search for Dodge. While the search was going on, something occurred that seemed to be a break for Hummel: Attorney Ruger died. He had been the lawyer for Dodge in the divorce action. The lawyer's former client was found in Atlanta, Georgia, where, with his usual lecherous abandon, he was busy romancing a huxom Negro woman named Marie Laws. When he was offered \$500 to return to New York to be interviewed by Hummel, Dodge happily accepted the money and left immediately.

At Little Abe's, Dodge found there was a lot more money waiting for him—\$5,000, to be exact—if he would sign a paper stating that he had never employed Ruger and that he had never been served a summons by Mr. Sweetzer, the attorney for Mrs. Dodge.

A little perjury for \$5,000? Dodge had done a lot worse during his lifetime for a lot less money. Quite willingly, he signed the paper and took the \$5,000 back to Atlanta to spend with his black lady love.

Hummel's next step was to obtain a Supreme Court order, requiring Mrs. Morse to show cause why her divorce from Dodge should not be declared invalid. As in all such cases at the time, a referee was appointed to hear the evidence. Mr. Sweetzer raised angry objections. He resented the implication that he had engineered the divorce for Mrs. Dodge without going through the proper legal steps. It was a blot on his professional reputation. He decided to fight the annulment.

That called for a bit of trickery on Hummel's part. So he hired a man named Herpich, who was about the same age, size, and coloring as Dodge and paid him \$25 to appear at the referee's hearing. When Mr. Sweetzer entered the hearing room, he

saw Hummel sitting with a man who apparently was his client, Dodge. He said, "Good morning, Mr. Hummel," and, turning to Mr. Herpich, he said, "Good morning, Mr. Dodge,"—and thereby lost his case. For it was easy for Hummel to convince the referee that, since Mr. Sweetzer had mistaken a perfect stranger for Mr. Dodge, his memory concerning the serving of papers on Dodge six years ago could not be very accurate.

The annulment was granted, and the ex-Mrs. Morse was packed off to Paris with a liberal allowance and never appeared in the case again.

But Sweetzer was not so easily satisfied. He knew he had been tricked and he was determined to turn the tables on Hummel. As soon as he could, he obtained permission to enter the office of the late Benjamin A. Ruger and to go through certain of the dead man's files.

Shortly, he found what he was seeking. In the file of Dodge vs. Dodge was a letter from him that appointed Ruger as his counsel and included a statement that he had been served a summons by Sweetzer in the divorce action.

Sweetzer danced for joy. He danced his way right up to the office of the District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, and presented his evidence. Jerome was just as happy as Sweetzer on hearing the news. Here were both his archenemies, Morse and Hummel, served up to him on one silver platter. All he needed now was the evidence of Charlie Dodge and he would have Hummel and Morse nailed down tight. He sent detectives to Atlanta. They brought back Dodge, who was promptly charged with perjury.

Hummel immediately bailed him out with ten thousand dollars' worth of Morse's money and placed him under the charge of Edward Bracken, the former policeman, who took Dodge to New Orleans and put him up at the plush St. Charles Hotel under a false name. Bracken had been instructed to keep Dodge out of sight and happy, and to supply him with enough whiskey and women to keep him that way.

Of course, Dodge's disappearance put Jerome in a dilemma. With Dodge as a witness he had an airtight case against both Morse and Hummel; without him he had only a questionable one. So he determined to find the fugitive.

Then rumor reached him that Dodge was in New Orleans and he checked with that city's police department. The reply was negative. But Jerome knew that the New Orleans police department was just as



corruptible as the New York police department. So, acting on his own and without the knowledge of either of them, he dispatched Jessie Blocker, a private detective, to New Orleans to check out the rumor.

Jessie Blocker appeared to be a short, pudgy, mild-mannered, and inoffensive little man who looked like a clerk in a real-estate office. In fact, he was a clever, tenacious, and honest professional—and his activities in the Dodge-Morse case show that he was one of the best of his kind.

The case that now ensued proved to be one of the most exciting ever to play a part in criminal jurisprudence. It became a classic among extradition cases, involving local, state, and federal courts, as high as the U. S. Supreme Court, and bringing into the fray local and state police organizations to fight over the possession of Dodge.

When Blocker reached New Orleans he registered at the St. Charles. After registering, he contrived to leave behind a brightly colored envelope addressed to Charles F. Dodge. The clerk checked the name on the envelope and slipped it into the box marked Room 420.

Blocker found that Room 423 was directly opposite to 420. Returning to the desk, he asked to be assigned to that room. From there he was able to keep a watchful eye on his prey.

That evening, Blocker carefully observed the visitors to Room 420 from his vantage point across the hall. One was a "hip" female, whose occupation could be seen at a glance. Another was a plainclothesman from the New Orleans police department.

The next morning, Bracken went to the railway station and bought two tickets for Mexico City via Houston, San Antonio, and Eagle Pass. Blocker was right behind him so he was able to see the tickets. He immediately wired Jerome that Dodge was fleeing the country, and he listed the train and the departure time.

Jerome wired ahead to the Houston police asking them to take Dodge off the train and hold him for extradition. Just as the train was prepared to pull out of Houston, with Dodge settled in his berth, preparing for a night's sleep, the Houston police, accompanied by Detective Blocker, roused the fugitive out of his berth and took him to the police station.

The struggle for the custody of Dodge had begun. It lasted almost a year, and nearly a hundred legal writs were exchanged before the issue was decided.

Acting through a local legal firm, Hummel arranged for the release of

Dodge with a writ of habeas corpus. But the culprit was rearrested before he could leave the courtroom. A second writ was obtained, and he was released once more, this time on \$10,000 bail.

District Attorney Jerome prevailed upon Governor Odell, of New York, to sign extradition papers, which were sent via Sergeant Herlihy, of the New York police department, to Texas Governor Lanham at Austin. Lanham issued a warrant for Dodge to be turned over to Herlihy but Hummel was able to obtain an injunction preventing that. Herlihy then was assigned to keep an eye on Dodge and make sure he did not leave town. However, some friendly Texans offered to break Herlihy's boring watch with a glass of good cheer. Herlihy awoke in a hotel room in San Antonio minus his extradition warrant, but plus a big headache. The long arm of Hummel had struck again. Dodge, of course, was off and running.

This time, the fugitive boarded a British ship in Galveston harbor and waited for a seagoing tug that was to take him to Tampico, in Mexico, for \$3,000.

But Blocker, an extraordinary man with a nose like a bloodhound's, got wind of the scheme and contacted the officials of the tugboat company, who cabled the tug captain to put in at Brownsville, Texas.

Blocker, who had been in Austin, Texas, planned to intercept the party when they arrived at Brownsville. He traveled by rail to the town of Alice, and from there it was 170 miles across the desert on a heaving stagecoach, which kept the detective sleepless for two days and nights.

Arriving in Brownsville, Blocker found that he had just missed his quarry, who had taken the very stagecoach he just had alighted from to return to Alice. Quickly, Blocker made a phone call to Captain Hughes, of the Texas Rangers, in Alice, and explained the situation, asking Hughes to keep an eye on Dodge when the fugitive reached Alice.

Captain Hughes cooperated fully. He substituted one of his men for the regular clerk in the one hotel in Alice, and when the Dodge party arrived, the "clerk" was so friendly and helpful that they asked him to buy them their tickets to Monterrey, Mexico. Meanwhile, Blocker had bought a horse and saddle in Brownsville, and, although weary from two sleepless nights, he rode over the desert on the most painful backside any detective ever had to Alice, where he fell into a twelve-hour stupor. When he awoke, he learned that

Capt. Hughes had arrested Dodge for trying to flee the country.

Now, local officers attempted to take custody of Dodge, but Capt. Hughes refused to release him. In Houston, a federal judge ordered that Dodge be turned over to the United States Marshal. Once more, Hughes refused. Finally, the captain, together with the United States Marshal, brought Dodge into Houston, where he was released on \$50,000 bail, pending the outcome of a series of writs and counterwrits, injunctions, et cetera, which culminated in appeals to the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals at Fort Worth, Texas, and the United States Supreme Court in Washington.

Out on bail, awaiting a decision that was to be almost a year in coming, Dodge was once more in Hummel's hands, though Detective Bracken, his watchman and procurer, who carried a large black briefcase filled with bills, for the satisfaction of Dodge's every desire, And Hummel had not given up on his attempt to get the fugitive out of the country into Mexico.

On two occasions, Detective Blocker was offered bribes—once, \$3,500 to turn his back for one day, the second, \$25,000! But the quiet little man rejected both of them.

Then, arrangements were made to have Dodge impersonate a tattooed lady in a circus that was en route from Texas to Mexico. But when Bracken took off his coat jacket to shoot some pool, Blocker—who just happened to be in the same poolroom (he just happened to be everywhere he should have been), went through Bracken's pockets, discovered the plan, and was able to block it. The detective was a "Blocker," indeed.

All other plans failing, Hummel fell back on the one that Blocker could not interfere with: to have Dodge kill himself with pleasure. Day after day, week after week, month after month, Dodge sated himself on wine, whiskey, and women. He was denied nothing that might wreck his health. And he was insatiable. He had hardly time for food or sleep. Why waste time in eating when the same time could be spent in drinking the finest liquor? Why spend time in sleeping when the most expensive call girls were at his disposal?

Blocker would watch in amazement as Dodge, growing more emaciated daily spent his afternoons at a brothel on Louisiana Street that he favored, only to stagger home to the Rice Hotel for an evening, with a girl—sometimes two at once!—and, on one occasion, three at a time! The man never went to bed sober, and

he never slept alone.

Dodge continued to lose weight rapidly, until he was hardly more than a walking skeleton. Then he began to suffer from nutritional diseases, such as beriberi. Nevertheless, nothing was allowed to interfere with his sexual appetites, and soon, his teeth began to loosen and fall out. Within one month from the time he lost the first tooth, he didn't have a single one left in his mouth! But that did not stop him from wenching. If anything, it intensified it.

Blocker became frightened. Unless the Supreme Court decision was reached soon, there would be nothing left of Dodge to bring back to New York.

Getting him aside one day Blocker warned him of his dangerous condition. "Dodge, you're killing yourself."

"Know a nicer way to die?" asked Dodge facetiously.

On December 3, 1904, the Supreme Court ruled that Dodge should be returned to New York. It looked as though Hummel was beaten. But he had one last try at keeping the fugitive from returning to New York. A Hummel representative, armed with the usual black bag full of money, made a deal with the sheriff of nearby Wharton County to enlist a posse of a hundred armed men to break Dodge out of the jail in Harris County where he was being housed. Each of the "Wharton Woodpeckers," as the armed gangsters were called, received \$150. What the sheriff received is not recorded. Dodge was to be escorted to Mexico by the men and, in the event of a shooting, no one would lament if Dodge caught a fatal bullet.

Again, the alert Detective Blocker learned of the plan and arranged for Dodge to be started on his way back to New York before the Woodpeckers could launch their attack. But it was not an easy journey for him. Knowing what diabolical plans Hummel was capable of, he feared that the train might be dynamited before it reached its destination. But if Hummel had thought of that plan, he was unable to carry it out, for the delegation guarding Dodge arrived safely in New York.

However, the totally dissipated fugitive was in such bad condition that he had to be helped to walk by a deputy on each side of him, holding him up by an elbow. And District Attorney Jerome, fearing that his prisoner might break down or rebel if all his pleasures were removed at once, ordered that Dodge's whiskey and women be tapered off gradually until he returned to his normal con-

dition. However, eating without teeth was most difficult, and he had to be almost force fed until a set of false teeth could be made for him.

As soon as Little Abe heard that Dodge was in Jerome's hands, he made a hasty trip to the District Attorney's office in an attempt to gain his client's silence.

"I'm Abe Hummel," he told the officer in charge, "Mr. Dodge's attorney, and I want to see my client."

"You're not his attorney any more," he was told. "He's got a new lawyer—and he's talking his head off!"

Then Hummel knew that he was through. Not that he did not have a chance to escape the consequences of his actions. But Jerome let it be known that if Hummel would turn state's evidence against Morse he could escape prosecution. However, that would have been against Abe's code of ethics. To him, kidnapping was acceptable. Kill a man by excessive whoring and drinking? All right. Armed raids on prisons? Fine. But betray a client? No. That, he would never do. He was too well-known as a man of "principles" to destroy his professional reputation by squealing.

"I'm a crook and I'm a blackmailer," he had once said, "but there's one thing you must admit about me. In my own way, I'm a principled son of a bitch."

And principled he was, to the end. He would perform any act to protect a client, from bribing a judge or jury to wrecking a train, but he would not betray a client even to keep himself out of jail.

And off to jail he went, after Dodge's testimony had been heard. It took a jury only eighteen minutes to convict him. He spent a year in the prison on Blackwell's Island, in view of the city in which he had been so powerful for so long.

Upon his release, he traveled to London and Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life. And New York has not seen his like since—for which the legal profession fervently said, "Thank God!"

## VITO GENOVESE

(Continued from Page 17)

very impressive. "Nevertheless," he continued impassively, "I have this warrant for your arrest, and you'll have to come with me."

Genovese stopped laughing. "Why make a fool of yourself?" he asked angrily. "Don't you realize that, with my influence you won't be able to hold me?"

"We'll see about that," Dickey replied.

Genovese switched tactics. "This comes at a very inconvenient time for me," he said, forcing a smile. "It would be worth quite a bit to me if you could forget this whole matter for a while."

Dickey glared down at the diminutive gang boss. "I'm not interested," he said coldly.

Genovese began to sweat. Then he came directly to the point. "I wasn't talkin' about 'peanuts,' Mr. Dickey," he said earnestly. "I mean real dough, like, say, fifty grand, American? A hundred? Two hundred?"

But Dickey shook his head, and escorted the little mafioso to the military prison.

Within a few hours, Dickey received a visit from the head of the Italian National Police, who demanded that he be given custody of the prisoner. Dickey refused. He had refused to release the gang leader for \$200,000, so he certainly did not intend to turn him over to his friends for nothing.

Then Dickey suffered a setback. He was ordered by a superior officer to transfer Genovese from the harsh military jail to a much more comfortable civilian prison.

Later, Dickey learned why it had been so inconvenient for Genovese to be arrested at that time. He discovered that, back in New York, Peter La Tempa, a minor thug, had "sung" to the police about the Bocchia killing and had implicated Genovese. Thereafter, a grand jury had issued an indictment for Genovese, and he was wanted in New York to stand trial for murder.

Dickey was assigned to take the gang leader back to New York and turn him over to the police. However, it took months to cut through all the red tape in which the proceedings were deliberately entangled. Highly placed men—one as high as a general—did all in their power to keep the gangster from being shipped home, clearly demonstrating how deeply he had penetrated the Army and the AMG.

Then something happened that revealed that Genovese's influence in New York was even greater than it was in Italy. For, Peter La Tempa, the only witness against him on the murder charge, had conveniently died, although he had been held in protective custody in the Raymond Street jail to prevent Genovese's henchmen from getting to him before the trial.

La Tempa had had a stomach ailment for which he took a certain medicine. Somehow, medicine bottles were switched, and, instead of his regular pain killer, La Tempa had

taken poison, which had ended his life.

Genovese had a long arm, indeed. Thus, Genovese was able to return to New York without fear of prosecution, since the only witness against him was dead. The murder charge was dismissed, and once more he took his place as leader of the Cosa Nostra, which he ruled with an iron hand until his death in prison in 1969.

Under his leadership, which continued even while he was in jail, the Cosa Nostra—or the Mafia, or the Syndicate, as it has been called at different times—made an historic turn: a large part of its income was funneled into legitimate business. So, today, the office building you work in, or your apartment house, may have been bought with Cosa Nostra money. Many drug chains, supermarkets, and huge industrial complexes have had investments of gangster capital.

But the biggest profits still come from gambling, prostitution, and the traffic in narcotics. However, the most profitable racket of all is gambling. It has been estimated that the numbers game, alone, with its bets from a nickel a day and up, draws more money out of Harlem than is channeled into that depressed area of New York City by all city, state and government agencies combined.

So, in addition to its lawful endeavors, the nation-wide association of racketeers continues to keep the poor citizens of our nation's ghettos in poverty, while its members enjoy a millionaire's life from income derived from those least able to pay. ●

## BIGGEST CROOK

(Continued from Page 53)

even pledged the same sets of forged bonds for loans in both Sweden and Germany! This incredible larcenist then began playing free with the assets of his companies throughout the world. He plunged heavily in the stock market, and when the big bust came, he was ruined; like the rest of the world, the great Match King was wiped out. Unable to recoup his losses, Krueger put a gun to his head in his Paris apartment, in March, 1932, and blew out his brains.

Krueger's suicide shook the world of international finance as few such deaths have done.

Then, a short while later, the bankers began to learn the truth.

The Irving Trust Company, an American bank, as trustee of the bankrupt International Match Company and biggest of the 140-odd subsidiaries of Krueger and Toll, made a final 171-page report on Krueger's

international machinations. It took the bank 13 years to complete the account of a fantastic web of forgeries, thefts, fraudulent bookkeeping, and companies which existed only in Krueger's imagination. It was an incredible dossier of international thievery on a scale so grand that it boggled the mind, revealing that Krueger had swindled people out of \$560,000,000—\$250,000,000 of which came from the American public! This, incidentally, made Charles Ponzi, Boston's crooked financial genius, look like a petty thief by comparison. Ponzi was an expert on flanking postal-reply coupons and made millions doing it. As a matter of fact, it was through such coupons that he became the president of Boston's Hanover Trust Company—even though he knew nothing about banking!

However, Ivar Krueger was a prime example of what can happen when governments step in to prevent competition in the free market. If the manufacture and sale of matches had not been monopolistically restricted to an unscrupulous operator like Krueger, the unwarranted success of his phony company, Krueger and Toll never would have been possible. ●

## INTO A FURNACE (Continued from Page 11)

next crime that was attributed to the same gang was the kidnapping of Norman Miller and Sidney Lehrer, 18 and 19 years old, respectively. They had been taken to a late showing of a Myrna Loy movie and were only a few blocks from the theatre when they were nabbed by the kidnapers. As in previous cases, the boys' eyes were taped and their ears were plugged.

However, although they were scared half to death, they kept their wits about them and were able to make certain observations.

After a short drive, the car pulled up to a curb, and Lehrer was released. "Go on home," he was told. "Miller's the one we want. Tell his old man we'll be in touch with him." And they drove off.

Miller's father was contacted the next day. Apparently, the kidnapers were becoming more sophisticated. They seemed to know that he owned a prosperous business, and so, though there was the usual bickering over the phone regarding the amount of the ransom, they refused to go lower than thirteen thousand dollars.

Miller finally agreed and paid the ransom according to his instructions. His son was freed.

Now, the G-Men huddled with the two young men and the boys' powers of observation became apparent. For one thing, they were very good judges of time, and they remembered when the movie had ended. The time was confirmed by the fact that, when they were forced into the kidnap car, its radio had been playing "A Tisket, A Tasket," one of the hit tunes of the day. A check with the broadcasting station confirmed the time it had been played. They also knew where Lehrer had been dropped off, and young Miller estimated that it had taken twenty minutes from there to the hideout, driving at moderate speed.

The FBI agents then drew a compass circle on the map of Brooklyn to judge the distance that a car could travel in twenty minutes at moderate speed. Miller also estimated that the release trip from the hideout to 11th and 12th Streets, in Manhattan, where he was dropped off, the journey had taken about twenty-five minutes. Another circle, with the drop-off point as its center, was drawn on the map. Thus, it was determined that the area where the two circles intersected was where the hideout was located. It was a big area, including part of downtown Manhattan and a large part of Williamsburg in Brooklyn.

But young Miller had more to offer. He related that while he was being led into the room where he was held, he had tripped over something that, by the feel and sound of it, must have been a stack of folded chairs. Later, he had heard the clicking noise of pool balls. And he heard a church bell ring. It had been a Sunday, and the bell probably was ringing for a regular Sunday Mass. He also had heard the sounds of passing cars, which seemed to come from above his head.

From those few simple observations, the agents were able to conclude that the boy had been held in a cellar pool room near a church, in the area within the two circles drawn on the map.

Immediately, a team was sent out to search for such a place. But there was more. Although the boys had had only a brief glimpse of the kidnap car, they were almost sure it had been a year-old model of a Packard Six club coupe. Like most young men, they were car fanciers and could distinguish not only make but model at a distance.

Young Miller remembered one more thing: Just before he was released, his brassy-voiced captor had said to him, "I fingered your old man at the race track, kid."

That small clue prompted the

agents to make a quick check with the other kidnap victims, which brought out the fact that almost all of them had been accustomed to spending an afternoon at the races every now and then.

Here, at least, was a common denominator. But the agents wondered what it could mean—and what could be gained from it? It seemed obvious that the kidnappers were race-track fans. The G-Men reasoned that, since the gang had just collected thirteen thousand dollars for young Miller, they probably would now be in the process of losing it at the nearest race track. So where was the nearest race track? The racing season had already begun at Saratoga, New York. A team of agents left on the next train for Saratoga.

At the track, the agents kept their eyes open for four young men who might fit the description they had obtained from young Miller. They also looked for a big car with a license plate that began with 7N, and for a Packard Six club coupé, 1937 model.

On their second day in Saratoga, the agents spotted a Packard that looked like the one that the boys had described. Of course, there must have been hundreds of similar cars sold in the New York area, but this one did not have a 7N license. A call to New York revealed that the owner of the car was a Denis Gula, of 217 East 6th Street, in Manhattan. The address was located within the areas where another team of agents was searching for a basement poolroom that was near a church. A further check disclosed that, during the previous year, Gula had owned a big Buick bearing a license plate numbered 7N900.

The agents visited Denis Gula, and found that the building at that address was the Ukrainian Hall. Denis Gula ran a bar and poolroom in the basement. In the poolroom, they found stacks of folding chairs. And around the corner was a church whose bells rang every Sunday morning. Down the block was the Commodore Theatre, from which Hugo Fried had first been told to throw the ransom money.

Everything seemed to work out, now, except that Denis Gula was a hard-working, middle-aged man who did not fit into the picture at all.

However, Gula had a son named Demetrius, who usually drove his father's car. He needed it, the father explained, because he made his living by servicing pinball machines, and had to visit all areas of the city in the course of his work.

The agents tailed Gula's son and he led them to three of his friends,

Joseph Saccada, John Virga, and Willy Jacknis. All four had previous police records and their photographs were recognized by their kidnap victims. The four were arrested and questioned separately. Saccada was the man with the metallic voice which, once heard, was not easily forgotten. He also was the leader who had planned and directed the kidnapping and robberies, according to the testimony of his partners.

Now that the jig was up, the young kidnappers fell all over themselves in their attempts to shift the blame to each other.

However, one question remained unanswered: What had become of Arthur Fried, their first victim, who had never been returned?

Young Gula told the story: He had been guarding Fried in Saccada's apartment. The victim was gagged and blindfolded. When the early-morning editions of the papers broke the kidnap story, Saccada had come home and shot Fried through the head. They had taken the body to the cellar furnace in the Ukrainian Hall and had spent the night in heaping burning coals on it until it was consumed.

Saccada and Gula went to the electric chair. The other two received long prison sentences.

From the slenderest of clues, the FBI had been able to reach out and put the finger on four young hoodlums, out of a community of ten million people. Of course, the punishment meted out did not help Arthur's grieving family. But who can say how many more victims there might have been if it had not been for the fine detective work of the tireless FBI agents? ●

## WHO'S ELLIOT NESS (Continued from Page 27)

for the good name of their city, but to have them assassinate members of the working press was more than the businessmen of Chicago would tolerate.

The powerful Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce, called a meeting of responsible representatives of the legal profession, the political field, the financial community, and the business world—and the Secret Six was formed. The representative of finance was Samuel Insull, who was the largest financial contributor to the group. Several years later, the utilities empire that he had built came apart at the seams, leaving those who had invested in it with a loss of two hundred and seventy-five million dollars. He was way ahead of Capone. He had learned how

to take the public's money without using a gun.

After the Secret Six had been formed, it developed that Jake Lingie had not been the simple working newspaperman that he had seemed to be. He had gangland connections, and he had been a go-between for the police and the hoodlums. He had been living high, banking better than forty thousand dollars a year, scarcely the savings of a sixty-five dollar-a-week newspaper reporter.

That exposure did not halt the work of the Secret Six. At their first meeting, they raised forty-five thousand dollars for running expenses, and at subsequent meetings contributed more than a million. They obtained the cooperation of Edward F. Gore, a past president of the Chicago Crime Commission, Colonel Henry B. Chamberlain, a current member of that body, and Frank J. Loesch, the Commission President and a law-school instructor.

Through Secret Six influence and financing, and the cooperation of John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Law School of Northwestern University, the first scientific crime-detection laboratory was established. It was given space on the grounds of the University and a ballistics expert was brought from New York to be its head. For the first time, all the most up-to-date methods and equipment for crime detection were in the hands of a trained group under one roof. The laboratory was copied in years to come, by many other cities in their fight against crime.

The Secret Six sent a delegation, which include Col. Robert McCormick, publisher of the powerful Chicago Tribune, to visit President Hoover in the hope of obtaining federal intervention in the fight against the gangsters.

President Hoover exercised by tossing a heavy medicine ball about for an hour each afternoon. His partners in the exercise were selected members of his cabinet. They were nicknamed "The Medicine Ball Cabinet." During their workout, they would discuss the important matters of the day. It was during his exercise hour that the president received the Secret Six delegation. He became so interested in the Chicago story that he stopped his exercising and sat down to get all the details of the situation. When he heard of the failure of the police, he was shocked. When he was told that men like Capone were making hundreds of millions of dollars and paying no income tax, he became furious and called over Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, to tell him

the story. "Please see to it," he instructed Mellon, "that this man, Capone, goes to jail."

Thus, two federal agencies were brought down on Capone's neck—the Department of Internal Revenue, as well as the Department of Justice. The Secret Six made its first of many contributions to the Treasury agents. They presented Elmer Irey, Chief of the Treasury Agents, with a check for \$75,000 with which to hire additional tax experts and investigators to check every bit of information concerning every gangster known to have any connection with Capone. They investigated police court records, voting registers for signatures, bonding officials for records of payments, and every possible source for fingerprints. A complete physical and financial dossier was built up concerning every known gangster. It was slow and arduous work, but the Secret Six felt that it might provide a starting point that would give a foothold for the prosecution of Capone. In all the records of the money expended, there is no mention of any of it going to Elliot Ness. He seems to have been unknown to the Secret Six.

At one of the first meetings of the group a numbered list of the gangsters was drawn up in accordance with their importance, and it was released to the newspapers. On it, Al Capone was listed as Public Enemy Number One. The listing of public enemies captured the public imagination.

Herbert Ashbury, the noted historian of crime wrote:

"The Phrase 'Public Enemies' caught the popular fancy at once. Editorial writers in newspapers all over the United States discussed its implications; columnists took it up; books and moving pictures, bearing the two simple words as titles, were rushed into print and it quickly became a catch phrase throughout the country."

"Probably no other single action undertaken against criminals ever received such widespread publicity. It was bad publicity for the gangsters. As a Crime Commission report put it, 'This move stirred the entire nation to action, and gangsters began to feel the lash of an aroused citizenry!'"

One of the honest judges who cooperated with the Secret Six and coordinated his work with theirs was John H. Lyle of the Felony Court. Lyle decided to take advantage of the Vagrancy Laws, which had never before been fully used in Chicago.

Every gangster brought before

Judge Lyle was charged with vagrancy—no visible means of support or no way of making an honest living—and fined two hundred dollars. If the accused could not pay the fine, he went to jail to work it off and he was open to rearrest on the same charge as soon as he was released. If he did pay the fine, he would have to disclose the source of the money and that was immediately checked by Internal Revenue men (who watched every trial like hawks), and if no income tax had not been paid, the gangster found himself charged with income-tax evasion.

Warrants were issued for all known gangsters, and the lists of those warrants were published in the newspapers.

The gangsters began to squirm.

Capone left Chicago and took up residence in Florida to get out of the court's jurisdiction. Many of his top men were caught in the net, among them Frank Nitti, Louie Mouth Levine and Greasy Thumb Gusick.

At that point, the work of Irey's investigators became invaluable, for the past records of every gangster who came before the Court was scanned carefully and acted upon.

For instance, Red Barker was returned to prison to serve an unexpired robbery charge. Three-Fingered Jack White was ordered to stand trial on an old charge of having murdered a policeman. Danny Stanton, a labor racketeer, was extradited to Wisconsin to face a murder charge. Deportation proceedings were started against Tony Mops Volpe and James Belcastro, two of Capone's high lieutenants. Al Sammons, rapist and murderer, who was out on parole, was sent back to prison to serve out his conviction, et cetera.

Through their remaining influence in high places, the gangsters had Judge Lyle transferred from the Felony to the Civil Court, but the newspapers raised such a furor that he was quickly reinstated. The alert press had proved itself more powerful than the gangsters.

But not once, in all those prosecutions, does the name of Elliot Ness appear as witness against any of the gangsters.

The hard, tedious work of the investigators now paid off in a big way. They were able to connect the signatures on some very large payments to men who worked for Capone, and, through their testimony, to Capone himself.

That evidence, plus all the rest that had been accumulated by months of investigation, was presented to a Federal Grand Jury. On June 5,

1931, that body indicted Capone on twenty-three violations of the Internal Revenue Laws. He was tried, convicted, and on October 24th, he was sentenced to twelve years in prison and fined \$50,000, plus court costs.

While he was in jail, someone asked Capone about Elliot Ness, for stories about that superhero were already beginning to circulate.

"Elliot Ness? Who is Elliot Ness?" asked Capone. "I never heard of him."

Now with Capone and most of his top henchmen in jail, the Secret Six were able to spark a drive that brought a new mayor and an honest police force to Chicago. And the end of Prohibition eliminated one of the most lucrative sources of income for Gangland.

But the venal mob bided its time and soon found new ways to mulct the citizens of Chicago through the numbers racket, race-track gambling, and by large investments in respectable businesses. Today, they operate on a nationwide scale, variously known as "The Mafia," "The Cosa Nostra," and "The Syndicate." But they can never again be as blatantly corrupt as they were during those days in Chicago before the Secret Six took them on.

The Secret Six did its work and disbanded but Elliot Ness goes on in stories for television audiences as the man who smashed Capone's empire!

## BUGSY SIEGEL

(Continued from Page 33)

to squeal on the head of Murder, Inc., and expect to live, so, apparently. Greenberg was not in his right mind. Gunmen were sent to Canada to knock him off, but when they got there, the bird had flown.

Later, he turned up in Hollywood, where he took refuge with Whitey Krakauer, one of Siegel's boys. Siegel, of course, was notified immediately, and he called Lepke, asking him to send an executioner from the East to "hit" Greenberg. Albie Tannenbaum was dispatched to the Coast.

But Siegel decided to keep his hand in, and went with Tannenbaum, leaving the New York gangster in the car while he himself pulled the trigger that ended the life of Big Greenie, thus showing the rest of the mob that he was still capable of doing his own killing when it was necessary.

That would have been fine, except that Whitey Krakauer began to shoot off his big mouth, bragging

about the part he had played in the execution and naming Siegel.

So Whitey became a marked man, too. A few weeks later, he was killed on a New York sidewalk.

Meanwhile, Abe (Kid Twist) Reles, one of the regulars of the Lepke mob, and Albie Tannenbaum, had been arrested in New York and had been faced with such an array of evidence against them that they decided to inform on the mob to save their own skins. Among other things, they gave a step-by-step report of the killing of Big Greenie Greenberg, and a Grand Jury indicted Mendy Weiss and Lepke, for ordering the execution, and Bugsy Siegel and two others, for carrying it out. Siegel went to jail on a charge of murder.

The dapper gunman was not treated like an ordinary prisoner, but was allowed to wear tailor-made clothes and pick his own menu, instead of prison grub. He also was permitted to pay visits outside the jail to his own dentist and doctor. While he was out on such trips, he would dine at plush restaurants and chat with his movie friends.

Two months after Siegel's incarceration, Reles and Tannenbaum were supposed to be flown to California to testify against him, but the district attorney of Brooklyn refused to allow it, claiming that their lives would be in jeopardy if they were permitted to leave his jurisdiction.

Without their testimony, there was no case against the "Bug," and the murder indictment against him was dismissed. So, once more, he was a free man.

However, almost a year later, the D.A. changed his mind and sent Tannenbaum to California to testify.

Things looked rough for Siegel. He employed Jerry Giesler, the famous Hollywood attorney, to defend him. But while Tannenbaum was awaiting trial, something odd happened in New York. Abe Reles, who was being kept in a suite on the sixth floor of the Half Moon Hotel, in Coney Island, for his protection, either fell or was pushed from a window and crashed to his death six floors below.

Giesler now was able to go into court and move that the indictment against Siegel be dismissed since the evidence of a participant in a crime must be corroborated, and, with Reles' death, there could be no corroboration of Tannenbaum's story. Again, Siegel walked out of court, a free man.

Siegel's affair with the Countess Di Frasso did not stop him from

employing his unusual charm in other directions. His influence and wealth allowed him to choose among many beautiful young starlets, so he never wanted for attractive bedmates. Most of them knew him as a very rich sportsman, rather than as a gangster, and they seemed to be fascinated by his profession, believing that their status was enhanced by going to bed with a gunman. Since the movie colony lived in a fantasy world, it was quite natural for its members to have an unusual moral viewpoint.

It was after Siegel lost interest in the aspiring stars that he met Virginia Hill.

Virginia had come north from Alabama when she was seventeen. She was a beautiful girl, with lovely eyes, a fine figure, a reddish mop of hair, an innocent, childlike face, a fetching Southern drawl, and her free use of the most obscene four-letter words, as though she did not understand their meaning, made her an instant hit with men of all ages.

However Virginia was no prostitute. She never took money for sleeping with a man, although she never refused a lover's gift. Since she felt that the one thing she did best was to make love, she thought it would be silly to waste the talent—especially since it gave her pleasure.

After drifting into the company of gangsters, she slept with almost every important hood, including the notorious Joe Adonis, although one of her first loves had been Joe Epstein, a big midwestern bookie, who had enjoyed her favors when she first came North and who never forgot her, and was an unending source of money whenever she needed it, wherever she was, and regardless of whom she was living with at the time.

However, when Virginia met Siegel, something clicked, with both of them, and they knew that, henceforth, they would be committed to each other. The attractive gangster bought her a home in Florida and another in Los Angeles. He covered her with jewels, furs, and everything else she might desire, and he allowed his wife, Eata, to divorce him so that he might live with Virginia openly.

It was shortly after meeting Virginia that the Bug got the idea that was to make him truly famous, for the mobster will be remembered, not because of his criminal record, but because he was the man who "invented" Las Vegas. The area was hardly more than a desert in the southern part of Nevada, barely for-

ty miles from the California border, and a little more than an hour's plane ride from Los Angeles.

But Siegel saw it as a potential playground for bored Los Angeles. The state had no antigambling laws and its divorce laws were unusually liberal—an ideal combination for the gangster's plans.

He consulted eastern members of the Syndicate, and they reluctantly agreed to back him to the extent of two million dollars. Then, after purchasing a large section of the sandy waste that lead into town, he got together with some architects and builders and drew up plans for the most luxurious gambling palace and hotel in America. It was to be known as the "Flamingo," and no expense was to be spared. There would be the most comfortable furniture, the deepest carpeting, illuminated fountains that could be seen from miles away, game rooms that would be absolutely enchanting, and a modern theatre that would headline the biggest Broadway and Hollywood stars, regardless of cost.

But there were problems. It was 1945. World War II had just ended and there was an extreme shortage of building materials. A lesser man would have given up and waited until conditions had improved. But not Siegel. Through the help of a well-known U.S. senator, he was able to arrange the purchase of copper, steel, fixtures, and tiles. He imported stone from Mexico and South America, and was able to wrangle lumber, cement, and piping through connections with Hollywood film executives—supplies which originally had been intended for their movie lots. Using cajolery, bribes, and threats, he was able to get the work of his dream started and keep it going at a fast pace.

He was forced to make demands on the Syndicate for more and more money, until he was into them for four million dollars, instead of the two million he originally had estimated. Then they refused to provide him with any more.

So Siegel contacted all the bookies who were getting his wire service, every important one west of Chicago, and told them that the rates for his service had been doubled. Of course, there were loud protests, but they paid, and the money was poured into the Flamingo.

As soon as the first apartment was ready for occupancy, Virginia Hill moved into it and kept Siegel company during the frantic months of the project's completion. But she did not enjoy her stay, because the gangster was so busy that he could spend little time with her, leaving her

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bored to tears.

When at last the building and furnishings were completed and the grand opening was announced, Siegel received the greatest disappointment of his life. For the luxurious gambling center did not draw enough patrons to pay the wages of the help, and the amount taken in at the gambling tables was pitifully small. And that condition continued night after night and week after week.

Siegel lost his famous suavity. His charming smile was replaced by a nasty scowl. Instead of the anticipated profits from the Flamingo paying off the debts it had incurred, its losses were demanding more and more expenditures, and the gangster tapped every friend he had for money. For, during its first year, the Flamingo lost four hundred thousand dollars!

But Siegel stubbornly refused to give up. He insisted that things would change. Los Angeles would awaken to the wonderful opportunity offered in Las Vegas and would come in droves, he reasoned. All he needed was time—and more money!

However, although he apparently did not realize it, Siegel had reached his limit. The end came one week-end when he went into Los Angeles and stayed at Virginia Hill's Hollywood home. He was sitting under a lighted lamp in front of a window, reading the Sunday papers, when, suddenly, nine bullets smashed through the glass and tore his head off.

Who did it? The Syndicate, trying to cut their losses? A friend of Big Greenie, or one of the many others who had lost their lives on Siegel's orders?

To this day, the assassins are unknown.

However, although the suave little mobster was dead, his dream survived. As he had insisted, the Flamingo had only needed time, for within another year it was showing a profit of over a million dollars! Its great popularity acted as a spur to other gambling outfits, and soon the Strip was so crowded with new, luxurious gambling hotels that the Flamingo was almost hidden from view.

Without Siegel, Virginia Hill felt lost. She took an overdose of sleeping pills, but was discovered and revived in time. She made six other attempts—all failures. But like her late love, she was persistent. Finally, her seventh suicide attempt succeeded, and Virginia joined her lover in death.

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